The Relief Society Magazine

34 NO. 3 MARCH 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 85,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 3 MARCH 1947

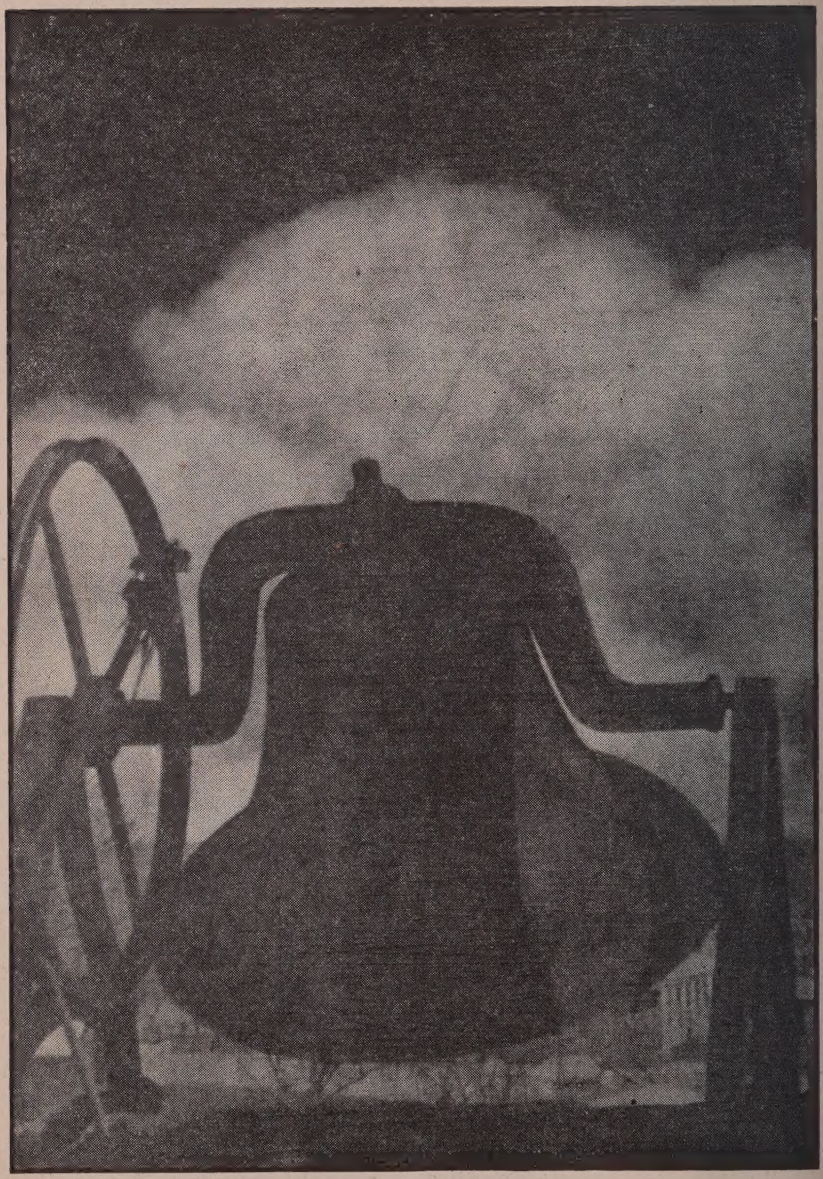
BEACONS

Margery S. Stewart

This is not mine, to walk rough wagonways,
To shield the dying from the rain, or blaze
Of prairie sun; to portion meal,
To take a doctor's role, and heal
The sick, or hold a babe, newborn;
To push a handcart so a wife might mourn
The loss of husband. This was theirs;
They met the challenge with their toil and prayers.

But this is mine, they passed it down to me,
The urge that will not rest until I see
That children everywhere are warm and fed;
That I mourn with my sister for her dead.
My fingers have no peace because I know
That half a world goes ragged in the snow
And bitter cold. All this is mine,
Because their lights before me ever shine.

The Cover: "Desert Hill," Photograph by Willard Luce.



BELL ON THE OLD RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING
BLANDING, UTAH

Photograph by Willard Luce

Compassionate Service—The Fundamental Work of Relief Society

President Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

DURING the month of May, I had the privilege of visiting the historic city of Nauvoo, in company with Sister Edith Smith Elliott and a group of her relatives, who are also relatives of the Prophet Joseph Smith. We stood on the site where once was the Joseph Smith store—a spot made sacred through being the birthplace of Relief Society. A few rods below us was the mighty Mississippi River, so placid at this point one wondered if it really were flowing. It was a quiet spring day. The assembled group stood silently reverent, each recalling events of that day over 100 years ago when another group had assembled there, eighteen women, standing upon the threshold of a new day, listening to words that have glowed with greater light each succeeding year, words of a Prophet of God when he declared this Society organized according to parliamentary usages, saying that all who should thereafter be admitted should be "free from censure and received by vote."

I wondered if any of those present, with the possible exception of the Prophet, thought that day how far the work might spread. I thought of the tens of thousands who had affiliated with this Society during its 104 years of life; I thought of the more than 100,000 who now make up its membership—women from the cities and farms of every state in our own great nation, women in the little branch organizations of faraway Tonga or South Africa, women from Old Mexico and stricken Europe, women largely "free from censure," welded together in a great bond of sisterhood for service to those in distress, and for personal growth.

That others were similarly thinking was evidenced when one woman, not a member of our Church, but one who was entirely familiar with its early history, being a direct descendant of one of the Prophet's sisters, asked: "Mrs. Spafford, how did you ever get to be national?"

I knew what she meant. She wondered what was the genius of this Society; what was there within it that could cause this Society, so humble and unostentatious in origin, to attract and hold the interest of women for more than a century, enlisting them from varied walks of life and many nations, causing it to grow and expand until it could claim its present-day mighty following.

Her question bears analysis. Re-

lief Society is great because of the greatness of its birth. Under divine inspiration, a Prophet of God, one chosen to be the instrument through which the gospel was to be restored to earth, gave to latter-day women this Society, and he personally taught them correct procedures and what their several activities would embrace. Throughout its history, the Society has been guided, directed, and protected by the influence of that sacred power given to men holding the Holy Priesthood. It has been blessed in both the local and general organizations with the leadership of women of vision, faith, courage, understanding, and diligence. Its membership has been made up of devoted, self-sacrificing, hard-working women, rendering free-will service because of an inner conviction of the truth of the gospel and the importance of caring for the children of our Father and of contributing to the Master's work. A great underlying spirit has motivated all of its activities, the spirit of the gospel. This is the unifying, compelling force that has carried it ever onward and upward.

The work of Relief Society is soul-enriching. It calls for self-sacrifice, but it offers self-fulfillment. Through its program, Latter-day Saint women have experienced a century of self-development and self-refinement. The Prophet turned the key that knowledge and intelligence should flow down from that time henceforth. Whatever a woman's talents may be, Relief Society offers opportunity for her development. Since the turn of the century, a formal educational program has been carried forward where "subjects that tend toward the elevation and advancement of women in many lines of thought and action" have been taught. Through the educational opportunities of the Society, thousands of women have become more adept in homemaking, and have been better able to intelligently participate in the civic and social life of their respective communities. Withal, they have maintained a spiritual equilibrium.

This educational activity is in keeping with instructions of our Heavenly Father:

> . . . seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith (Doc. and Cov. 88:118).

It is in harmony with God's law of eternal progression:

> Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (Doc. and Cov. 130:18-19).

So Relief Society goes steadily forward, educating its members, helping them toward full self-realization.

THE most exalted function of the Society, however, is that in which its members lose sight of personal gains in unselfish devotion to others. The relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan; ministrations to the sick and downtrodden; comfort to the sorrowing and those whose souls are weary; the exercise of benevolence—this is the great and fundamental work of Relief Society.

Time and again, the Prophet Joseph Smith made this clear in his instructions to the sisters in Nauvoo. At the first meeting of the Society, he addressed the sisters:

> To illustrate the object of the Society, that the society of the sisters might provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants.

At the fifth meeting of the Society, he said:

> This is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads.

The Prophet told the sisters that if they would have God have mercy on them they should have mercy on one another. He gave the sisters this important instruction: "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the works ye see me do.' These are the grand key words for the Society to act upon."

The works of the Master were works of love and compassion.

Compassionate service is according to the nature of woman. The Prophet recognized this, for, in organizing this work, he said, " . . . it is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence." Love of woman for her sister, love of woman for humanity, love of woman for that which is pure, ideal, and sacred is God-implanted in her heart. This love is the most potential service-power known to human society.

Relief Society has been rich in this service-power, as its works bear testimony. Love-inspired service is the thing for which Relief Society is best known and most highly respected.

One caution I would offer Relief Society women today, however. We must be alert to preserve, strong and active within this Society, this precious, vital element, lest modern trends and influences dull it or retard its expression.

I wonder if we are doing this, or if the recent tendency of Relief Society has not been to emphasize our educational activities, and to be less attentive to our compassionate services. Then, too, I wonder if we have not been somewhat influenced by the trend of the times which has been toward professional service in meeting human needs.

Conditions today seem to warrant a re-emphasis of compassionate service as the fundamental work of Relief Society. Evil forces are stalking the earth, spreading sorrow and distress. There is an ominous murmur of additional trials and sorrows ahead. Advanced as we are in many fields, today's world is not free from distress and suffering. There are still sorrowing hearts that need to be comforted; there are still the discouraged and weary who need to be given new heart; there are still those who are ill needing a few hours of practical nursing, for whom no nurses are available; there are still motherless homes needing the softening touch and capable hand of a good woman; there are still homebound persons among us who, through a friendly visit, need to be brought into contact with the current of life; there are still the aged with their manifold infirmities and problems calling for attention.

Relief Society women, awake to their duties and working under the direction of men holding the Holy Priesthood, can be effective in allevi-

ating these distresses among our people.

Relief Society women today must guard their trusts carefully. They must not let the hours and days slip by, unmindful of time's swift passing until their day shall be done, insensitive to the needs and the opportunities about them, unheeding the dangers lurking ahead. But, walking in the paths marked out for them by our latter-day prophets, holding fast to gospel truths, strengthened and reinforced by the knowledge and intelligence gained through the educational opportunities of the Society, they must advance the fundamental purposes for which this Society was established.

In this trying, chaotic day, may our Latter-day Saint mothers unite as one and, clothed with the armor of faith, may we pray that the hand of evil will be stayed, and the hearts of men and nations will turn unto the ways of the righteous, that suffering, fear, sorrow, and hatred will loose their hold upon the earth. And I pray this, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

STURDY MARCH

Amelia Ames

March is a pioneering month,
Sweeping, with gallant bow,
Down from the crest of winter,
Dreaming of seed and plow;

Visioning billowed wasteland
Plushed in the jade of spring,
Daring scourge and flood to mar
The golden blossoming!

No month has the faith of March;
Through the long trek of years,
He speaks the word of promise . . . .
And the promised land appears!

MIRACLE OF SPRING

Gene Romolo

The spirit of light, from the crest of a mountain
Spreads a gold gossamer over the hills,
And lifeblood of bloom, like the flow of a fountain,
From the earth's great heart its beneficence spills,
Till limbs, winter-shrunken, grow supple and green,
And greener the blades of each grass-growing plot . . . .
However somber the time in between,
Spring has each year its miracle wrought.

Building for Eternity

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

MY dear brothers and sisters, I am grateful for the privilege we have today of meeting in a general Relief Society conference; and I wish to thank my Heavenly Father, also, for the privilege I have of working under the leadership of Sister Spafford in the Relief Society, which I love so much. I also love, honor, and respect Sister Spafford.

I would ask for an interest in your faith and prayers for the few minutes that I shall speak, that the spirit of the Lord may be with us.

I have enjoyed very much, as Sister Garff did, meeting with many of you in our recent Relief Society conventions. Whenever I meet faithful Relief Society members I always feel close to them, as I do to you who are gathered here in the Tabernacle this afternoon. For, while we differ in outward appearances and circumstances, still, we hold the same great fundamental concept of life, and we are all striving for the same goal—salvation and exaltation with our families in the celestial kingdom. I say, with our families, for whenever a group of mothers is gathered together, their children are always with them in thought. We can never be fully happy without them.

As we have been sitting here this afternoon, and in the previous meetings, I feel sure that our thoughts have been with our children, wondering how they are managing in our absence. Many of the prayers which have been given by our sisters have remembered our families who are at home. Whenever we hear any words of truth that spur us on to better living, we always wish our children were with us to hear them. Anything we have that is fine and good, we want to share with them.

There are a few words which always are close to the heart of all mankind. One of those words is "home." While all married women are not given the blessing of bringing children into this world, still, every married woman, with her husband, is given the opportunity of building an eternal home which may influence for good all those who enter.

When I say the word "home," I imagine there flashes on the inner eye of each of us a picture, which will vary even in members of an immediate family. And, when I say a picture, I don't mean a material picture of a large, stately home, or a small cottage, as the case may be. I am not referring to a picture built of bricks and mortar, but to the spiritual home which each married couple creates.

You will remember the Lord spoke to Samuel in reference to judging men and said, "for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (I Sam. 16:7). So, I refer not to the outward appearance of these homes of ours, but to the true spiritual home which each married couple

creates, a home built not of material wealth, but built of the riches of eternity.

I believe when we say the word "home," the first thing we think of is the home built for us by our parents, the homes of our childhood, and then, second, the homes which we are now in the process of creating. Our first homes, our childhood homes, stand completed, built by our parents; and we are the fruits of their building. We might ask ourselves the question—will our homes, when completed, be as beautiful and enduring as the homes of our parents, and are we eager to have our children pattern their homes after those we are creating?

The answers to these questions will depend upon the excellence of our building. First and foremost, are our homes built on the everlasting foundation of the eternal marriage covenant, so that all members of the family will be forever bound together in a family unit? Then, are our homes filled with the spirit of love, so full that some overflows into the homes of our neighbors? Are our homes illumined throughout by the light of the gospel, or are there shadowy corners and dark chambers, wherein the light of the gospel cannot penetrate?

Is the atmosphere in our homes kept pure and wholesome by adherence to gospel principles? Are the spiritual bodies of the members of the household being adequately nourished by the spirituality in the home? Are the fathers, the heads of our households, recognized as such, and as bearers of the Priesthood? Are we, as mothers, meriting the utter confidence placed in us by our young children, and, as they grow to maturity, will we be growing in spirituality so that we will continue to merit their confidence? Are our children being nourished by family and individual prayer? Are they growing with the growth of their testimonies? Are they being given the opportunity of renewing their covenants by attendance at sacrament meeting? Are their spiritual bodies becoming expanded through the exercise of love, patience, and understanding? For true it is, that the greatest spiritual growth of our families will depend upon the spirituality fed them in the home; and we can depend upon no other source of spirituality for them. Thus, it is our duty to see that we feed them the bread of life.

As we grow older, we are better able to evaluate and appreciate the homes of our childhood; and we realize, more keenly, the mighty power of example as set us by our parents. We realize, also, that the great cardinal virtues are not mere words, abstract words, but that they are little commonplace incidents in our childhood. As I remember happenings in my childhood, telling the truth meant not even telling a falsehood on April Fool's Day. Attendance at sacrament meeting meant a cold walk on a bitter winter night, to meet with a household of saints in the hospitable home of Senator Smoot, for the blessed privilege of partaking of the sacrament once in two weeks.

You will all recall similar experiences in your childhood, which have guided you throughout your lives. By setting the example in small

(*Continued on page 214*)

The Value of Relief Society Membership

Counselor Gertrude R. Garff

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

PRESIDENT Clark, Sister Spafford, and brothers and sisters in this great audience, this is indeed a breath-taking sight. I do not know when I have been so overwhelmed with the greatness of Relief Society, as I have at this general conference.

It has been a privilege to meet with many of you sisters at our various conventions in the stakes this fall and last fall. Last night, at the reception, as we shook your hands and looked into your smiling faces, and recognized a familiar face, now and then, it was gratifying to know that we have been in your communities and that we have partaken of your Relief Society spirit there.

Over a year has passed since the great armies of the world laid down their arms, and most of the people on this earth rejoiced, expecting peace and security to prevail once again. As the months have passed, the quiet of peace and the sense of security have failed to materialize, as had been hoped. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints realized, anew, the futility of putting their trust in the arm of flesh; and they have remembered the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the first section of the Doctrine and Covenants wherein he speaks of the inhabitants of the earth:

> For they seek not the Lord to establish his righteousness, but every man walketh in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world (Doc. and Cov. 1:16).

The Lord then goes on to say that he called Joseph Smith, Junior, and others and gave them commandments:

> And also those to whom these commandments were given, might have power to lay the foundation of this church, and to bring it forth out of obscurity and out of darkness, the only true and living church upon the face of the whole earth, with which I, the Lord, am well pleased (Doc. and Cov. 1:30).

As a Church, and as a people, we are indeed blessed, in that the Lord saw fit to establish his Church upon the earth again, and has provided us with prophets and teachers to teach us the gospel of Christ, through which we can find the only true peace and security.

Through the auxiliaries, and the Priesthood quorums, the Church has provided ways and means for the members of all ages and conditions to grow and develop in the gospel plan. The Prophet Joseph Smith, by inspiration, organized the Relief Society for the women and mothers of the Church, young and old, alike.

All women need some activity outside the home, otherwise, in time, their home duties become routinely commonplace, and women tend to become unprogressive in both mental and physical activities, and they may cease to be an inspiration to

their families. For women of our Church, the Relief Society fills this need for outside activity.

As a girl of twenty-one in the mission field, where I worked with all phases of the Church program, I, even then, hoped and prayed that, in due time, my work in the Church would be with the Relief Society. My reasons for this choice have not changed fundamentally since that time, and I believe they are similar to those of many members of Relief Society.

It is a great privilege to belong to a group of women organized by a Prophet of God, an organization that functions and receives direction from the Holy Priesthood, thereby entitling it to the influence of the spirit of the Lord. Also, the high standards and ideals of the Church, as expressed through Relief Society, inspire one to strive to be a better woman, a more understanding mother, a more helpful wife, a more thoughtful daughter and sister, and a more considerate neighbor and friend.

THE educational program for further enlightenment on matters spiritual, cultural, and practical, has limitless, untold value. I am sure that those of you who attended our departmental sessions yesterday are more fully aware of that now than ever before. Yesterday, we saw how the Relief Society teaches the sanctity of the home and provides ways of strengthening it, both in practice and in spirit.

The most important activity of Relief Society gives women an opportunity to use the talents with which God has endowed them, to help in alleviating want and distress. The efforts of one person outside an organization would be small, but, when combined with those of Relief Society women throughout the world, they become a strong and potent force for good. All who work in Relief Society may know the feeling of well-being that comes with the knowledge that one has been of service to others.

The Relief Society is one organization where the blending of the generations brings with it many blessings. It is wonderful to partake of the freshness and enthusiasm and imagination of the young women in Relief Society. It is a great privilege to share in the dignity, wisdom, experience, and spirituality of the older sisters. I have had many young mothers say to me, "Now, while I am rearing my children, is the time I need the Relief Society lessons on family life. I'm sure the members whose families are grown could help me solve some of my problems."

One of our sisters was heard to remark, after a Relief Society meeting, that one of the primary reasons she enjoyed Relief Society was because it was the only place where she had the association of young women, which she prized highly.

We wish all women of the Church might enjoy the advantages of Relief Society membership, for we believe that the Relief Society program is so varied as to offer a corresponding interest to each of the 61,000 women of the Church who are not, as yet, members of the Society. We urge these women to join with us because we know that, in return for the personal development they receive, they will bring new talents to strengthen the whole organization.

(*Continued on page 215*)

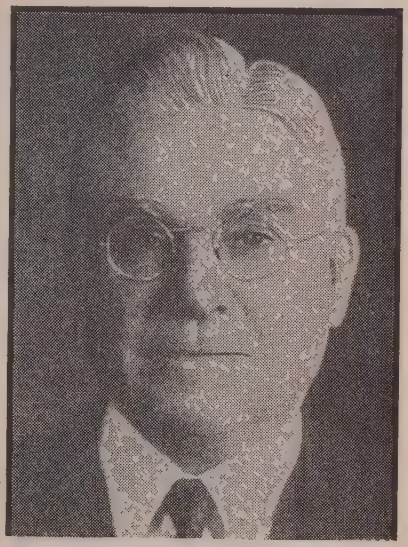
Elder Charles A. Callis

Preston Nibley

FOR almost ten years I enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintanceship with Elder Charles A. Callis. During the past five years we have lived under the same roof, at the Belvedere Apartment, in Salt Lake City, and I have seen him and visited with him two or three times each week. It was his custom to walk out in the evening, for relaxation and exercise, and on these occasions he invited me to accompany him. In his death I have suffered the loss of a true friend and a most agreeable and pleasant companion.

If the life of Elder Charles A. Callis were written, it would read like a romance. He was born under poor circumstances, at Dublin, Ireland, on May 4, 1865, the son of John Callis and Susannah Charlotte Quilliam. His father died when the boy was a child, and the responsibility of rearing a family was left to the widowed mother. In order to better her circumstances, she moved to Liverpool, England. It was there, a short time later, that she heard the gospel and joined the Church. Charles was baptized at Liverpool when he was eight years old. Two years later the family emigrated and moved to Bountiful. Later, they acquired property in Coalville, Summit County, and there young Charles grew to manhood.

While he worked in a coal mine to support his widowed mother, he also read books and acquired a knowledge of law. He was admitted to the bar, and served as city attorney of Coalville and county attorney of Summit County.



ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS

In 1902, when he was thirty-seven years old, Charles A. Callis was married to Grace Pack, daughter of Ward E. Pack of Coalville. In 1906 they went on a mission together to the Southern States. Two years later he was made president of the mission and, together, they served for twenty-five years, until Elder Callis was called to be an apostle in October 1933. Brother and Sister Callis were the parents of eight children, six of whom, five daughters and one son, are now living.

In the organization of the first stake in the Southern States he realized the ambition of a lifetime. He had finished his work. He passed away without illness, among the saints of the Southland, where he and his beloved wife had labored so faithfully and so long.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

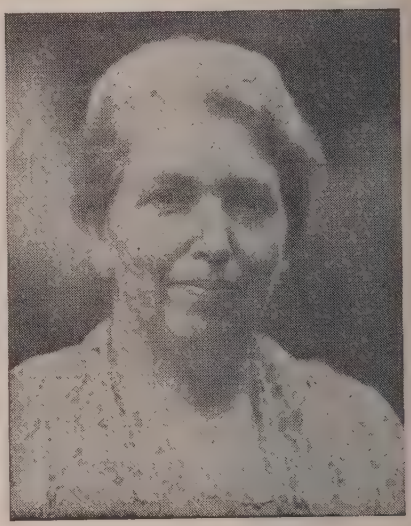
The Sound of Bugles

Olive Maiben Nicholes

EMILY Grafton sagged against the kitchen sink and watched for the coming day. She had been up since three o'clock, and half awake hours before that. The long night had gnawed through her resistance and dulled the edge of her sturdy self-reliance. If the sun would shine again, she could collect her scattered wits and meet the exactions of another day.

She had been awakened at midnight with the shutters banging, and a new warmth in the air. Stars, piercing the windy tangle of branches, had reassured her; and she had crept back to bed, only to be startled, later, with the rain beating in upon her face. With a lantern in one hand and a collection of buckets and pans in the other, she had negotiated the attic stairs to find pools of water already forming on the floor. It had been worse than she had guessed; the roof was a veritable sieve! There had been repeated trips to the pantry for utensils, before she had forestalled the flood that threatened the rooms below.

Her eyes strained through the darkness. Heavy silence hung over the sleeping town. A pale moon nuzzled the clouds, breaking up before the decreasing tempo of the storm. The stars paled and faded, as a watery sun dripped through the mist, and blurred shadows sprawled across the familiar dooryard.



OLIVE MAIBEN NICHOLES

Stale, soot-embroidered snow was melting under the orchard trees, dripping on untidy windrows of old leaves and twigs rotting together. The lawn was a tangled snarl of sod, where a dozen venturesome crocuses bubbled in the rank grass. A welter of old magazines, in the sheltered doorway of the deserted carriage house, thumbed their tattered pages in the wind. A few bedraggled hens, tails aslant in the stiff breeze, pecked dejectedly in the ragged garden, where battalions of weeds were already piercing the depleted soil.

"Well, the backbone of the win-

ter's broken, and so will mine be by the time I empty all that water. It's due for a freeze tonight, so I'd better get a move on, if I don't want to hack it out with the axe. Wish I could hire a man to clean up all this rubbish."

She sighed, remembering the unkept land of the past three years. No use crying for the moon! She would clean up the attic, and plan later. Maybe another trip to the employment bureau would turn up a worker with a strong back and a willing heart, though last time the agent had no one, not even a promise of one, on his hopeless list. Unless the farm began to pay, she would have to draw more money from the bank, and put it out at better interest.

AGAIN, she remembered with bitterness the young brother who packed his palette and brushes nearly thirty years before, who, deaf, alike to her entreaties and threats, had turned his back upon the farm and gone away. The older boys had already married and settled far to the north or to the south, on farms of their own. The young sisters had departed, one by one, until she had been left alone with the aging husband who hadn't been the asset she had thought he'd be. Ten years, now, since he had died, with no one to give a rap how soon she followed. This is what the oldest sister got, who stayed on to raise a thankless brood after the mother died! She wiped her eyes on the hem of her soggy apron, and began to climb the stairs.

And so it was, as she poured the last pan of water into the shrubbery below, that she saw the boy leaning on the gate.

He stood looking over the winter's wreckage with an interest akin to solicitude. His eyes swept over the shrubbery and up the gray stone walls, until she looked down into his upturned face, and the full scrutiny of his searching eyes. For a brief moment, old recollections knocked at the door of bygone days, and she thought he was someone she knew from a neighboring farm. The thought was as quickly erased when he brought up his hand, in a mock salute, and she saw the glitter of a discharge button in the lapel of his leather jacket.

There was nothing to do but go down. Perhaps the agency had found a man for her, although she was reluctant to hire one so young. Nothing but fishing and hunting and girls cluttered up the minds of the young from daylight till dark!

She opened the side door and watched him hurry up the path, as

Olive Maiben Nicholes was born in the old Provo, Utah, Fourth Ward, a daughter of the late Henry J. and Louisa Harrison Maiben. She is the wife of Joseph K. Nicholes, member of the Sunday School General Board and Brigham Young University faculty. They have nine children and ten grandchildren. Two sons, a daughter, three sons-in-law, and their collie dog served in World War II.

Mrs. Nicholes has had stories and poems published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Improvement Era*, *The Deseret News*, *The Salt Lake Tribune*, *Poetry Digest*, of New York City, and Volume II of *Utah Sings*. A volume of stories—*The Singing Desert*—is in preparation for publication.

though he couldn't wait to see inside the house. He seemed larger and stronger, at closer view, and more capable than she had, at first, thought.

"Looks like you need a hand with the farm," he ventured, stepping over the sill.

"It's worse than it looks," she apologized, as she motioned him into a chair. "Father named it 'Bradford Heights.' 'The Depths' would be a more fittin' name."

The room needed no apology. It was as clean as soap and water could make it; but she felt an increasing chagrin at her own disheveled appearance. She was angry, too, that she should feel so. Visitors usually looked away from her, but this one's eyes were candid and fearless, and never wavered from her own. Again, that odd feeling of familiarity swept over her, and she began plying him with questions.

No, the Bureau hadn't sent him. Yes, he was just out of the service. Spent the winter quarter studying soils at the college. Couldn't stay cooped up, now spring was breaking. He was past twenty-seven. His name was Karl—Karl Goodman. No, he wasn't a farmer, but he loved the land. Had a "green thumb!" He held up his hand, with a grin, and she saw it was broad and firmly textured, with long, strong fingers and a tapering thumb that sprang away from the palm, as did her own. She had inherited hers from her mother, who had boasted it "ran in her family," and that its possessor could make two blades of grass grow where one had grown before.

He turned on his own battery of questions, much to her surprise. Of course the land was run down! What could one expect, with the war on and hired help selling themselves for baubles? No, she didn't have children; she'd raised her mother's family. The youngest brother had left home right after his father's death, married a girl she didn't know; sold his birthright for nothing! Worse than Esau, she'd say. Her tight lips expressed better than words just what she thought of men like Esau.

A tramp through the orchard and along muddy ditch banks had not discouraged him. She would have turned away from the clay slope that had so persistently evaded cultivation, but he had been keenly interested, and had picked up a ball of earth to knead between his fingers and thumb.

In the end, he decided to stay for less than she had promised the agent. He was to have a room, and board with her, although the latter offer had surprised her more than it had him. She left him to prepare a substantial morning meal while he retrieved his luggage from the lane, and wandered about the garden. She watched covertly from behind the kitchen curtains, as he tabulated his findings in a new notebook, thrust in his hind pants' pocket.

She made an extra effort to enhance the appearance of the table, and even brought conserves from the cellar—a tidbit she served only to conference visitors or to the bishop and his wife when they came to an occasional supper.

When all was ready, she was pleased to see how thoroughly he washed himself, running his fingernails over the soap—a trick she had learned from her doctor father. She

respected tidy people. His cleanliness in small matters stimulated an interest in her toward him, bordering on actual affection, that grew stronger with the hours. He glowed with health and good nature, which warmed her thawing heart that had lain, for so long, a small, frozen clod in her breast.

The days sped on, and March blew itself out with a gusto and vehemence that almost tore the climbing rose from its moorings. She thought it had, one day when she returned from the neighbors, and found a half-dozen men on the roof, tearing off old shingles and nailing fragrant new ones in their place.

"The climbing rose!" she gasped, gathering up her skirts, and dashing around the house, in spite of her seventy-five years. She stopped with relief that brought quick tears to her eyes. Karl had hung the vines from ropes tethered to the chimney top, and was pruning them with an eye cocked for summer blooming.

"I almost had a fit when I couldn't see the vines from the street. They used to run along the ridgepole," she gasped.

"They will yet," he promised, "I saw them the first thing as I came up the road that morning!"

They parried back and forth in good humor, and he took her to see the new cow chewing her cud in the tightly fenced, well-bedded enclosure, where the Bradford cows had awaited their calves in homely comfort for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"How did you know the right place?" she queried.

"Well, it looked the likeliest!" he countered, and again she had the fleeting impression that he reminded her of someone she had fondly known.

When the calf was born and the cow was threatened with the fever, Karl knew exactly what to do. Just like her father! Couldn't be beat for doctoring sick animals, as well as sick people. Worked until he was past ninety-seven, in spite of all she could say. Sewed up a colt's leg, and set a boy's collarbone less'n a week before he died!

"Thought a lot of your father, didn't you?" he asked one day.

A sturdy little mare had nosed at her elbow from a newly repaired paddock, and reminded her of her father's "Old Dick."

"No better man ever lived," she proudly affirmed. "He was a going young doctor in Montreal when he heard the missionaries. He could've stayed and prospered, but wild horses couldn't hold him. He had heard the 'call,' he would say. He sold everything out, bought ox-teams and wagons and stocked them to the bows. Hired an old Indian to show him the way to Nauvoo. He traveled for months, and got into Winter Quarters the fall of '46. Brigham Young set him apart with his own two hands to tend the sick—man and beast, alike. So father didn't leave till the spring of '49. Then, he was called to settle this valley. Lived right here for over sixty years. He met mother and her brother—Lamonts—fresh from Brittany. He knew their lingo, and they trusted him. Knew a lot about growing fruit and the like. President Young was right pleased with them."

She sat, pleating the ruffle of her fresh gingham apron, an aura of pride, almost akin to worship, transfiguring her face.

"I knew a French farmer when I was overseas," he interrupted. "The head surgeon sent me to a village to recuperate from a serious wound. The old man had lost everything in the previous war, and was just getting things in shape again when the Nazis barged in. They didn't have time to wreck his land in this fracas, so he had things pretty nice. I used to help him with his vineyard and tie the branches of his fruit trees flat against a stone wall, with a southern exposure. I learned a lot from him. I'd sit under his fig trees and hanker for some land of my own —a hunk of land where a man could turn around twice without barking his shins."

"Well, you've got it here for as long as you want," she chuckled. "Though you'd be hard pressed to take care of it all if you didn't have all the men and boys eatin' out your hand."

He offered his arm with elaborate gallantry, and they resumed their itinerary about the farm. It had become a week-end pilgrimage. He was more than paid by her delight. She was pleased with the new coops; the rebuilt wagon; the flowering orchard trees, holding huge bouquets to kiss the sun; the checkerboard of crops; the clay slope that had defied them all, springing green with vines. It was too good to be true! It couldn't be true! Some day she would awaken and find it all a dream!

"This is what I dreamed my brother would do, after all the others had gone!" she cried, one day when the climbing rose flamed scarlet against the gray walls, and clambered over the eaves to the ridgepole above.

"But he sold it all—all this—for a mess of pottage—a stingy, stinking mess of pottage!"

"Nourishing, soul-warming pottage for him," he gently interrupted. "If he couldn't find himself in the land, he could reproduce this loveliness with paint and canvas. I've seen this house covered with roses; I've walked through these fields, golden with grain and green with waving corn; I've climbed those orchard trees and shaken their abundance onto the grass below, ever since I was born."

They were in the kitchen, now. The western sun shimmered through ruffled curtains, poised like great white butterflies against the sparkling window panes that framed the beauty and the wealth beyond.

"You, see, Aunt Emily, I love my father, too."

"So he sent you sneaking back into my good graces, currying for favor?"

She turned on him in fury, striking down the placating hand he extended to quell the rush of words.

"I thought you reminded me of someone. Now, I know . . . my father's eyes and nose, my mother's mouth and hands! What other blood flows in your veins is no concern of mine. You're alien flesh, every bit of you. Get out! If my brother, or any part of him, comes back, he'll . . . ."

" . . . 'Come crawling back on his hands and knees'! " he interrupted. "I know. I've heard the story of your selfishness, your ingenious schemes to tie him to you, to mark his path and set his pace. You, who have preached so righteously to me of man's free agency.

"Get this straight!" he command-

ed, forcing her into a chair, "My father and mother never sent me here, though I took her name and bore it with pride. They think I'm still in school. Linnie Norris takes my letters from Merton to the city, and mails them there I've wanted to come here all my life.

"I went to school, worked on a newspaper, ran a greenhouse, but all the time my heart cried for this land. When I was discharged from the army I came West like a homing pigeon. I didn't dare come here until I'd proved in school that my ideas would work. Why, I've argued with that clay slope ever since I was knee-high!"

He broke off, and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the coarse sleeve of his shirt.

"You can't make people over. The Prophet and Brigham Young knew what they were doing when they sent missionaries to the cities and factories, as well as the villages and farms. They needed them all to build a commonwealth that has astonished the world. They heard the 'call' and they came, leaving everything near and dear behind.

"Would you have left this comfort, peace, and security to travel an unknown trail? No, you've never heard the sound of bugles, calling you to something bigger than yourself, greater than your dreams, broader than the land, higher than the sky!

"They heard—my grandfathers and my grandmothers; the grandparents of all this valley, of all this State. They heard the sound,calling across the mountains and the prairies, across the oceans and the rivers. They heard, and they came 'one from a city, two from a family.'

"But you—you're concerned only with your selfish aims, your searing hatreds, your introverted plans!"

He broke off with a sob, and gathered a sheaf of papers together.

"These are the plans I've made of the house," he sighed wearily. "Plenty of room for three families—you, Linnie and me, and my folks.

"Linnie and I had planned to be married in the fall and have everything ready for next year. My father was coming to paint the 'Sacred Grove' on the walls of the new chapel. The mayor wants him to paint the history of Merton, from the exodus from Salt Lake City to the colonization of this valley, for the great Centennial this year. There are others asking for him, too. He took the talent God gave him, and is returning it a hundred fold.

"He and mother traveled a rough road, but they never looked back. He kept the faith and brought us all up to respect and honor our heritage."

The tramp of many feet, the creak of wagon wheels, the labored breath of weary oxen seemed to press in upon her ears. She saw, within her waking brain, a distant caravan, crawling at snail's pace cross a trackless plain, then up and up, into the rock-ribbed heights.

* * * *

She struggled to her feet. Though her knees trembled, her hand was steady on the boy's bowed head.

"Harness up Dick, while I write that letter to the folks, Karl. When we drive into town to mail it, we'll call by the lumber yard, too. We'll have to begin on the house tomorrow, if we're all goin' to move in by harvest time."

"The Barren Desert Is a Fruitful Field"

Louise Lee Udall

An Account of the Exploration and Early Settlement of Northeastern Arizona

THE early settlements made by the Latter-day Saints were like the growth of certain plants that spread by sending out runners, which reach out until they find conditions favorable, and then take root, forming a new unit. Within twenty years from the time the original pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, the valleys of Utah had been colonized to the southernmost boundaries.

Scouts and explorers always preceded the settlers. The first group to cross the mighty Colorado River into Arizona, in response to instructions from President Young, was led by Jacob Hamblin. The object was to make friends with the Indians, teach them the gospel, if possible, and see what the prospects might be for colonization.

There were twelve men in Hamblin's party, including an Indian guide. They left the Santa Clara settlement, in Southern Utah, October 28, 1858, on horseback, carrying their provisions on two pack animals. After ten days of climbing dangerous and uncharted cliffs, and crossing deep and rugged ravines, they came to the Crossing of the Fathers, the place where Spanish missionaries had crossed the Colorado, in 1776. The crossing was made in safety, and a continued journey of several days brought the scouts to a Hopi Indian village in Northern Arizona, on the south side of the Colorado River.

The Indians were friendly, providing welcome food and shelter. One very old man said that when he was young, his father had told him that he would live to see white men come among them, from the West, who would bring great blessings, and that he believd this prediction was fulfilled in the coming of these Mormons.

Several villages were visited, and good will prevailed. After a few weeks, it was decided that the main part of the group should return. It was considered advisable to leave a few of the brethren with the Indians to learn their language and their ways. Those who were to stay were determined by drawing lots. It fell to William Hamblin, Andrew S. Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt, and Benjamin Knell to remain.

At first, they were well treated. They taught the Indians to make ladders, using nails instead of buckskin string. Then, some jealous Indian priests stirred up feeling against the missionaries, and the chief advised them to leave. Their return journey, in the winter snows, was fraught with cold and hunger.

This first trip is typical of many that followed. By 1873, the point on the river known as Lee's Ferry was designated as being the most feasible route for a crossing, and a

wagon trail was charted over the cliff country from the ferry to the Little Colorado River, a branch of the great stream. Many of the hardy missionaries and frontiersmen made repeated journeys.

In the spring of 1873, the first party of prospective settlers, consisting of ten wagons, and known as the "Haight Expedition," crossed the river and went part of the way to the Little Colorado, but the maze of steep canyons and the dry barren desert discouraged this party, and they gave up and returned to Utah.

In a report which this company sent to Brigham Young, the country was described as barren, with narrow river bottoms, alkaline soil, very little water, and that bad. No spot was discovered by this company which was considered fit for settlement.

Henry Holmes, a member of this vanguard company, wrote in his journal many references to the "forbidding" country. One excerpt is noteworthy in this connection:

> The country is rent with deep chasms, made still deeper by vast torrents that pour down them during times of heavy rains . . . . However, I do not know whether it makes any difference whether the country is barren or fruitful, if the Lord has a work to do in it.

Again, in October of 1875, a scouting party headed by James S. Brown, a former member of the Mormon Battalion, was sent out from Salt Lake City. They established headquarters at Moenkopi, about sixty miles from the Big Colorado River; they explored the Little Colorado country, and returned with a favorable report. There were many springs at Moenkopi, and it became a missionary outpost and oasis for later Arizona pioneers.

BY 1878, there were four settlements in Arizona in the vicinity of what is now Winslow and Joseph City (St. Joseph) on the Little Colorado River adjacent to the Navajo lands and the now famous Painted Desert, and directly north of the wild Apache country. Thus, the settlements lay between two fierce and hostile Indian tribes. The Indians, however, gave the settlers very little trouble.

From a drawing by John E. Weyss
Courtesy, United States Geological Survey

THE CROSSING OF THE FATHERS
Twenty-five Miles Above Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River

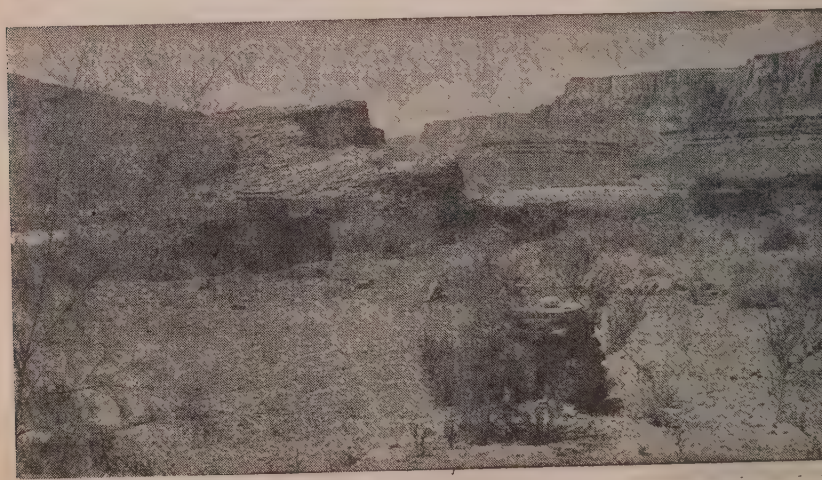
These settlements were organized into the Little Colorado Stake, with Lot Smith as its president, and Jacob Hamblin and Lorenzo S. Smith as counselors. This was the first stake organization effected in Arizona.

In order to exist, it was necessary for the saints to work together, and these communities lived the "United Order." Responsibility for bringing water to the land, farming, stock-raising, dairying, and lumbering was delegated to each man, according to his training and ability. A community kitchen served meals at a common table, to as many as one hundred fifty at a time. Bakers and cooks presided in the kitchen, the women and girls taking turns as helpers. Friendly Indians came to trade blankets or yards of heavy, dark jeans cloth, furnished them by the Government, for melons or fruit. Sometimes they came to get some sewing done on the sewing machines, which fascinated them.

The four settlements on the Little Colorado were: Allen's Camp (later named St. Joseph after the Prophet Joseph Smith), Lot Smith's Camp at Sunset, George Lake's settlement at Obed, and Jesse O. Ballenger's settlement (later named Brigham City) near the present site of Winslow.

At Allen's Camp, the first plowing was done on March 25, 1876, by John Bushman and Nathan Cheney. Jacob Morris immediately began to build a house. An irrigation ditch was surveyed and on April 3, Bushman planted the first wheat. The first child, Hannah Marie Colson, was born July 17, 1876; and a year later, the first death, that of Clara Gray, occurred.

THE Little Colorado proved to be a treacherous stream. The first



Courtesy, Josef Muench

LEE'S FERRY, ARIZONA

This famous ferry is located at the point where the Paria enters the Colorado River. The bridge over Marble Gorge is seven miles downstream from Lee's Ferry.

Courtesy, Josef Muench

STREET SCENE IN A HOPI VILLAGE

The Pueblo Indians retain many of their old habits of living. Burros haul wood for the fires; corn and peppers dry at the doors; and there are always dogs running in and out.

dam, made jointly by Allen's Camp and Obed, cost the settlers $5,000. In the first flood, the water rose twelve feet and the dam went out. In 1877, another dam was washed away. Other dams were washed out in 1881 and 1882. The Church historian, Andrew Jenson, reported that at least $50,000 had been lost by this community in the construction of insecure dams. He called St. Joseph the "leading community in pain, determination and unflinching courage in dealing with the elements around them."

In 1894, St. Joseph had completed its eighth dam across the Little Colorado, and Joseph W. Smith, in writing of the dedication of this dam, remarked upon the rosy-cheeked, well-clad children, "showing that the people were by no means destitute, even if they had been laboring on ditches and dams so much for the last eighteen years."

The prayer offered at the dedication of the dam was characteristic of pioneer courage: "O Lord, we pray that this dam may stand, if it be thy will—if not, let thy will be done."

When William J. Flake came to Snowflake, some fifty miles southeast of Winslow, in 1878, he found that James Stinson had been there for five years, and had three hundred acres of land under cultivation along the upper branches of the Little Colorado. Flake bought Stinson's interest for $11,000 worth of cattle. Soon families began moving in. Apostle Erastus Snow, in charge of colonization in Arizona, organized the Snowflake Ward, naming it in honor of the first settler and for himself as a representative of the Church. A stake, em

bracing what is now both Snowflake and St. Johns Stakes, was formed and named Eastern Arizona Stake, with Jesse N. Smith as its president.

Ammon M. Tenney led a group of settlers into St. Johns, about fifty miles east of Snowflake and near the New Mexico border, late in 1879. They found that this valley, also, was already occupied by "Gentile" ranchers. Tenney bargained to pay six hundred and fifty head of cattle in exchange for squatter's rights. By 1887, many other families had settled in this locality and the Eastern Arizona Stake was divided, creating the Snowflake and St. Johns Stakes. Jesse N. Smith and David K. Udall, respectively, became presidents.

Those who pioneered the early settlement of Arizona came from Utah in response to a call from their Church. Their average age was thirty years. They were just getting established in life. Many of them had small families. Their farms and gardens were beginning to yield the fruits of their labor. They loved Utah's mountains and valleys, and their dream of the future was rudely broken by such a call. They would have preferred to remain where they were, instead of moving to Arizona, where hard work and scanty fare awaited them.

David K. Udall, at twenty-nine years of age, had a wife and one child. He went to Glendale, Utah, thirty miles from his home in Kanab, to attend quarterly conference. There, he was informed that he was called to go to St. Johns, Arizona, to preside as bishop of that ward. He was, then and there, set apart to that calling, and directed to proceed to Arizona as soon as possible. He settled his business affairs, and, after thirty days on the road, he arrived in St. Johns in October 1880.

THIS moving to Arizona was a major project, indeed. Besides leaving their beloved home and going to a new country, it meant that, with the miles between, and travel as it was then, they would see their loved ones left behind seldom, if ever, again. And, although they left with sad hearts and many misgivings, none thought of refusing the call. They took up the burden and went to work with a will to make new homes and build up the stakes of Zion.

The day-by-day journey in the covered wagon was like that of other such pilgrimages. Only a few pieces of furniture, or heirlooms, could be taken. The load consisted mostly of food, warm clothing, and bedding. The miles covered each day were gauged by watering places. The journey was slow and greatly impeded by loose stock, driven by horsemen. Threshing machines and gristmill and sawmill machinery were taken along.

Heading south from Utah, over the Kaibab Mountain, down House Rock Valley, with the towering Vermillion Cliffs at their left, they wended their way. Then, they turned and traveled for forty miles, with canyon walls closing in, until they came to the river and the ferry. Crossing the mighty Colorado was hazardous. Several days were required to ferry the wagons and swim the cattle. As they set foot on the south side, another and equally dangerous obstacle confronted them. The trail up and over "Lee's Backbone" (the rocky ridge that

juts into the river) was steep and the road narrow and rocky. A prayer of gratitude was felt in every heart, once these two milestones were passed. On and on they went until, finally, one day, they looked over the hill into the valley on the headwaters of the Little Colorado, which was to be home. And, somehow, though it was barren, it looked beautiful to them.

Soon their dreams began to develop, their towns began to grow, and the desert valley became green and beautiful.

In considering the events, big and little, that make up life under such circumstances, the fortitude of the frontiersman and his family must be recognized. Their fears must have been allayed with faith and prayers. The Lord did help them.

But hardships were many, and the Arizona settlements had their share of trouble. Once, a father, being obliged to go to his field to reap his harvest, took his two boys with him, leaving two little girls, about three and five, alone each day. No wonder they visited the motherly neighbor often at noon, and were as often fed by her. One day, coming in just as the meal was finished, they stood looking at the table.

The mother said, "Well, girls, it looks as if we have eaten everything. There is nothing left but crumbs."

The smallest girl answered, "Well, Sister Lytle, do you care if we pick up the crumbs?"

Sister Lytle soon found more than crumbs.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever, and smallpox brought panic in their wake, in some instances taking a toll of all the little ones in a family. Mute evidence of such may be seen to this day in the older part of the cemeteries, where one may see three or four small headstones in a row,

Courtesy, M. J. Overson Studio

A TELEPHONE SYSTEM FOR ST. JOHNS
Note the water tank at left. Drinking water, five cents a bucket.

whose names and dates show deaths of the very young, from the same family, within a period of a few weeks. In a certain family of four small children, the second child was being buried, the third was already stricken with diptheria, and the fourth one looked up at his mother and said, "Where will we bury Harriet?" Harriet was buried alongside the others.

Diet was woefully lacking in vitamins and, often, in calories. Coarse wheat bread was literally the staff of life. White flour, freighted by team from Albuquerque, two hundred fifty miles away, was a luxury. Something to eat with the bread made a meal unusual. A craving for something sweet made the first melons taste better. Fruit and vegetables were an unusual treat. Homemade molasses made many a slice of bread into a real delicacy. A can of tomatoes was a treasure to be hoarded and used only in time of sickness. The wrapper from the can, with its big, red tomato on the dark green background, gave a bright touch to the sickroom, from its place just under the clock shelf, pinned on the newspaper-covered wall. The can itself became a cup and was placed by the water bucket on the bench.

A special event in a pioneer home in the '80's was one Sunday dinner. There were guests, a man and his wife from thirty miles away, friends of yesteryear, in Utah. And, for dessert, pie. Cherry pie, made from the first fruit of the little tree. The husband had brought his wife on this visit, hoping that new faces and scenes might help assuage her grief at the loss of her baby from dysentery, and restore her mental balance. In her grief, this mother had "ceased her own to cherish," and was not concerned about her other children.

The pies were eaten, all but one piece, which the hostess saved to give to her married daughter, who was expecting a baby. But when the daughter came, the pie had disappeared. In her great disappointment, the young wife cried.

Seeing a grownup woman crying for a piece of pie, the woman, who was a guest, went to her husband and said,"Where are my children? I want to go to them. I am afraid they are hungry."

The horses were harnessed immediately and it was with a lighter heart the husband started home.

Another incident in Arizona pioneering illustrates the courage and the faith of Latter-day Saint farmers in the desert valleys.

It was the first time in his life that twelve-year-old LeRoy Gibbons, little brother in a large family, had been away from home. After two weeks helping his older brother care for the cattle, imagine his feelings as he came in sight of his home again. He crossed the river and came up the lane. He saw his elderly father standing at the gate to let down the bars and welcome him. The father and son were the best of friends.

As the boy got out of the wagon, his father had his hands in his pockets, and in the pockets were peaches, four of them, from the first little tree they had raised together.

Taking out the peaches, the man said, "Here, my boy, I have saved two of the nicest peaches of that first tree for you. There is one thing I want to tell you, as I give

you these peaches. Since I arrived in Utah, on July 24, 1847, I have put out thirteen orchards and have never eaten the fruit from one of them until now, and I have never once moved without being called by the authorities of the Church."

Early in 1880, the railroad company began building its roadbed west from Albuquerque. A contract for grading was taken by John W. Young, a son of Brigham Young, Jesse N. Smith, and Ammon M. Tenney, in order to provide work and food for the people. The project began in July, and about forty men and teams went to work. With their first pay, a load of flour was purchased, which brought welcome relief. Other contracts were taken and the work lasted several years.

Later, it was found that the light spring wagon in which John W. Young came to Arizona, had been abandoned near a ranch about twenty miles from St. Johns. The story was that this was the very wagon in which Brigham Young rode into Salt Lake Valley, when he made the prophetic utterance, "This is the right place." The story was brought to the attention of the brethren in Salt Lake City and was verified by them. Then, the wagon was brought into St. Johns by David K. Udall, where it stood under a shed until 1893, when it was taken apart and shipped to Salt Lake City. It now stands, with other historic relics, in the Utah State Capitol.

The early pioneers of Northern Arizona builded with their hearts, and with their hands, and the land became to them and to their descendants, the dearest spot on earth, "home." And "The valleys sing, and the hills rejoice, and the barren desert is a fruitful field. Joy and gladness now are found therein; thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

(From the anthem "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," words and music by Evan Stephens, based on Isaiah 51:3)

Courtesy, M. J. Overson Studio

MEETING OF THE MAIL CARRIERS IN THE ARIZONA DESERT

WHO CAN SAY THERE IS NO GOD?

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Who can say there is no God?
All earth proclaims his power;
The seed beneath the moistened clod
Now blossoms into flower;
The star, high in the firmament,
God's perfect pattern follows,
And God's own guiding love is lent
To northward winging swallows.

Who can say that God is not?
The prayer that soars to heaven,
If born of faith and child-like thought,
Will find its answer given.
And who can say no prayer is heard?
A simple copper wire
Can pluck from air a song, a word;
The soul can soar much higher.

HE LIVED AGAIN

Caroline Eyring Miner

The morn had come at last, and Mary's feet,
Stayed only by the darkness, swiftly ran;
She laid her head against the tomb, the sweet
And gracious person of the Holy Man
Of God, her Master, to adore in death,
As she had done in life. She stopped, amazed,
Was this the place? This tomb gaped wide, the earth
Where he had been, lay bare, and Mary, dazed,
Despairing, wept, and questioned him who kept
The gardens, as she thought: My Master, where
Is he? My Master? Then her sad heart leapt.
He spoke. The mystery and tears and care
That burdened her, dissolved like mist or rain.
Her Master lived; though dead, he lived again!

Daughter of the Pioneers

Inez B. Allred
President, Provo Stake Relief Society

SARAH LOUISE TURNER ALLRED, daughter of John W. and Sarah L. Fausette Turner, has seen many changes. She said so herself, when she so graciously consented to go out to Sowiette Park, where this little house stands, and have her picture taken. The picture is shown below.

"It was one of Provo's very first houses, if not the first," she declared. "My father hauled the logs from the East Mountain, hewed them, and built it himself. It stood on the corner of First North and First West, where the Church administration building now stands."

Her father came to Utah in 1847, and her mother in 1851. Her husband, Silas Laufette Allred, was a pioneer in his own right. He was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1848, when his parents were on their way to Utah. They were married September 29, 1871. Sister Allred is the mother of fifteen children, eleven of whom are living.

"I did all my own work," she said, "all the sewing for my family, and for others, too."

She declared that work never hurt anyone. "It's a blessing," she said, "a four letter word that spells success."

Sister Allred has been a ward Relief Society president two different times. Not long ago, the First Ward displayed some of her beautiful handwork. Sewing has been one of her hobbies. She has made thirty-five star quilts. She has given one to each daughter and to each granddaughter, and to others. She has made sixteen afghans, seven tablecloths, and hundreds of smaller articles, all of them works of art.

"I don't do much now but knit," she remarked, and she does that without glasses. "Bother the glasses!" she said. "I never put them on unless I lose a stitch, then I put them on to pick it up."

If You Will Drive

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

MOONLIGHT peeped shyly through the open doorway of the sod shanty and, immediately, began pushing back at the shadows. Becky Lander sat up in bed. Two years, one month, and eight days—and she was trying to sleep. Reaching for her wrapper, she slipped it over her head, then stooped to pull on her heavy shoes.

At the door, she turned for a quick look at the children. Little Becky slept with her, but five-year-old Alex had a trundle bed of his own. Jake would smile at that trundle. She had never been handy with tools, but it was usable, thanks to Martha Baker. Always, always thanks to someone. Never anything accomplished by herself.

A stone's throw from her door, a dilapidated wagon flaunted its patched cover, its warped boards, its spliced tongue. How Ingeborg Jensen had brought it this far was a miracle. She and her cow had pulled it all the way from Nauvoo. Last week, Captain Williams had insisted she put her cow with Ingeborg's, and follow his company into Winter Quarters.

"You have been here two years," he had said. "There is no need in your waiting for your husband's return. You can meet him in Salt Lake Valley as well as here. Sister Jensen is strong and willing, and she will help you."

That was before word had come that a group of men from the Battalion were returning.

From beneath the wagon, a head rose above the bedding on which Ingeborg slept. Becky stepped quickly back into her room. Couldn't she make a move without someone watching?

When the shadow under the wagon was again unbroken, Becky stepped quickly outside and, without sound of going, made her way along a path that led to the river. At the edge of a grove, she hesitated, her assurance gone, her body taut with fear. In spite of being alone the last two years, she was afraid of the woods. With a determined effort, she put one foot ahead of the other, and forced herself to see that the swords and arrows darting about so frighteningly were but shafts of light showing between moving branches. The farther she went, the faster her feet moved.

"How wonderful!" She stopped where her fear and the shadows ended, and looked over the silver-varnished prairie. "Oh, Jake, Jake, the years have been so long!"

To her left, a few hundred yards away, lay a camp made up of wagons, tents, and a few shanties; a facsimile of the many that marked the brutal trail from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters. Before her, the prairie swept a mile or two, or three, and then dropped abruptly to the lowlands, through which flowed the Musketo. Between the camp and the lowlands, the grass had been cropped close by cattle, and the trail was worn to dust, but Becky's feet skipped lightly over it. On the bluff, she stopped. Sitting on a tuft of

grass, she took her knees between her arms. Below, the river played at hide-and-seek with the darkness. Up here there were no shadows.

Two years! She could see the ferry on the far side of the river. Two years; and, today, the ferryboat would bring Jake back. Two years, one month, and eight days since he had marched away with the Battalion to fight the Mexicans in California. Only one letter she had had in all that time; but, today, he would be home. Two years, one month, and eight days of being helped by Ingeborg, by Martha Baker, by Angie McDonald, by all the others, until accepting had become gall and wormwood in her soul. Today that would end.

From the start, there had been the matter of food. For some reason, Jake's army pay of seven dollars a month had not reached her. She had managed—with help. She could not move with the company, so the brethren had built her a shanty and moved her into it. Her cow had strayed and had been caught and killed by the Omahas. Brother Parker had taken her calf and raised it until it could live on grass, so now she had a cow again. The new cow, Captain Williams contended, could be yoked with Ingeborg's. No, sir!

Becky did appreciate the help so freely given. That is—yes, she did appreciate it. Her heart swelled with pride and thankfulness as she watched the ebb and flow that made up the Camp of Israel. For two years, from her cabin, she had watched her people in wagons, with carts, or just walking, come with the dusk, camp for a night or a week or a month, and disappear into the morning. They were going ahead, making certain the way that led to the Valley, where individual families were already building individual homes.

No. It was not that Becky Lander lacked appreciation. She had accepted gratefully, but now that Jake was coming back the accepting was over, and she could raise her head with independence. Again, she was going to inhabit a world of Jake's building. His was to be the voice of decision; his strength was to be her bulwark against disease, Indians, too-kind neighbors, and corroding loneliness. His hand was to provide the bread for their daily sustenance.

That was all she wanted. Just a home and the four of them in it.

WHEN dawn was beginning to dull the varnish, she returned to her shanty, but not to sleep. Bringing a bucket of water from the trickle that ran through the grove, she wet down her floor. She made a fire in the fireplace and cooked Indian meal for the children's breakfast. The sack was nearly empty, but she was not worrying this time. When the mush was done and the children still slept, she woke them; but they were cross, and little Becky refused to eat.

"Are you home, Sister Lander?"

Becky looked up from the feather bed she was smoothing. Ingeborg Jensen stood in the doorway. Beside her, were her two boys.

"I vatch," the visitor's voice faltered, "I vatch baby vile you go river." Her fine, gray-green eyes pleaded to have some part in this long-anticipated homecoming.

"Thank you, Ingeborg, but I am not going to the river."

Becky's voice was sharply imper-

sonal. Ingeborg had no judgment. She was without shoes, yet she would quit work to watch little Becky.

"Not—going?" After a moment, her face warmed with understanding. "You vait your man comes?"

Becky nodded, not trusting herself to speak. She put out her hand and held Alex from going outside.

"I wanta play with Peter," the boy whined.

"Some other time. Father is coming today."

Alex pushed Peter. "Go home," he said rudely. "I have a father. You haven't."

Peter's bland face darkened. He started to retaliate, but his mother caught his arm. "Peter. Hans. Come." She spoke in Danish. "We will go to our work. Alex is excited."

Alex had repented quickly. "I wanta go with Peter."

The child's tone and words quickened Becky's sense of her own ingratitude. "I'm so sorry," she said, and was grateful for the other woman's quick smile. Playing with the Danish boys was teaching Alex many necessary lessons.

Becky turned again to her bed. With loving care, she smoothed the hand-woven counterpane that was one of the few treasures left from her New England home. With every stroke her heart sang, "Jake is coming." It was not a smooth refrain, for it swelled and ebbed with her movements. She raised the lid of a heavy chest and withdrew a pair of stiffly starched shams. "Jake is coming," the lid cried as it banged in place. This was the first time in more than two years that she had used the shams. She would soon have a home in the Valley, and then she could use them each Sunday.

"Jake is coming!" Every whit and parcel of the twelve-by-fourteen room was clothed with the radiance of it. Not a speck of dust remained; the cupboard held unheard of dainties. She had spent hours and hours gathering grapes and berries in the lowlands. Some she had traded at the post for sugar.

Everything was ready and waiting, and the sun was not yet above the tops of the eastern trees.

"Are you home, Sister Lander?" Martha Baker stood in the doorway, holding something covered with a napkin. "I brought a pie for your dinner."

Rebellion was hot in Becky's chest. Martha was desperately poor. Her husband had lost his feet with frost and ice during the exodus across the Mississippi. For days, until the last of the emigrants in his company were safe, he had refused to rest or to remove his wet shoes. Likely the fat that went into the pie was all Martha had, or would have, for a long time to come.

"You shouldn't—" she began, but the other cut her short. "Certainly I should. Sharing is the joy of life. I would stay to meet your Jake, but I am washing for the trader's wife."

Brushing aside Becky's thanks, she went back across the clearing and through the grove.

"Are you still here, Sister Lander?"

It was Jennie Call this time.

"Thank goodness, you will soon be going West," she said without preamble. "You will soon be in a home, as any self-respecting family should be. This moving would not be so hard, if we could get it over.

I baked, and thought you would like a loaf. It is good white bread, and well browned, if I do say so myself."

"Are you home, Sister Lander?"

Edward Parker stopped his team near her door, and called to her. Lucy Parker had brought her most cherished possession, her silver knives, to be used on this day of all days. Ed's seamed, wind-leathered face was broken into lines of anticipation.

"We thought you would like to ride to the river."

Was this to go on all day? Why must everyone leave his work to help her?

"I am not going to the river."

Disappointment darkened the man's face ever so little. "You are waiting here?"

"Yes, Brother Parker. I do not want to meet my husband with the entire camp watching."

"That is understandable." His smile came back. "Word has come that the returning men were delayed on the Missouri, but they should be here within two or three hours. I will meet Jake and bring him home to you." His eyes twinkled. "I will let him out at the edge of the grove, so you may greet him privately."

"Thank you." She thought he was laughing at her. Let him laugh. She would share her bread, but there were some things she would not share with anyone.

Ed Parker turned his team to follow the road. Under his patched shirt, his shoulders sagged with weariness. Becky moved uneasily. "When Jake is here, I shan't have this feeling of obligation."

THE hours refused to pass. Becky marked the position of the shadows, and, two hours later, or perhaps three, she came back to find they had moved less than an inch. A queer fright went through her. The Lord had stopped the sun once. Was something momentous happening today other than Jake's coming? When, later, she found the shadow had moved another half inch, she sighed with relief.

She went to the grove for another bucket of water, and then decided the floor was already too wet, so she sprinkled the yard again. She fed the children and put Becky to sleep.

Surely, the company could not be this late arriving. Those people at the ferry were likely so anxious to share his homecoming that Jake was being delayed. He would have to answer questions about the long march through the Southwest into California, about the gold fields, and what the Valley was like, and how the saints were faring there. Anger rose, and hardened within her. At least someone might bring word that he had arrived.

From under the bed, she pulled a package wrapped with old burlap. Her hands shook violently as she tried to unroll it. Boots, leather boots. Used boots, but with any amount of good wear in them. She had come by them through a woman from the trading post, and had done an unreasonable amount of sewing for them. Jake would be pleased, especially that she had earned them. They were the size for him—he had small feet—and they would take him back into the Valley. She rewrapped and replaced them.

The shanty and the clearing were all in the shadow. Twice she had dressed the children in their best

clothes, and twice had removed them. Suddenly, she decided to go to the river. If Jake saw her, he would break away from the crowd. She might meet him in the grove. Taking a child by each hand, she started. It was cool and fragrant in the woods, but she did not meet Jake. When she had come through the shadow, the light from the prairie stopped her.

As her eyes became accustomed to the light, she could see the lines of the lowlands dark against a westering sun. Camp was deserted, and its air of desolation provoked a strange fear in her.

The sun sank lower, and then, on the path that led from the river, she saw moving figures. She watched, and her breath swelled in her throat. Yes! Yes! It was men, four at least. One must be Jake. Behind them, a wagon was just rising from the lowlands.

Catching Little Becky up in her arms, she started, half running, back to her shanty. She would meet him there. Alex ran ahead, excited with the race, but not knowing what it was all about. Back in the yard, she set them on boxes to wait. Feverishly, she looked about the cabin for something left undone. There was nothing. The prairie chicken in the oven was done. The table had been set since noon, with clean cloths spread over the dishes to keep the flies away.

She heard a grunt, and looked around. Alex had fallen, and was trying to brush the damp earth from his clothes. She shook him vigorously.

"Aren't you ashamed, with Father—?" she stopped short. There were voices and the sound of men's feet on the path. It was true, then, it was true. All along she had fought a feeling of defeat, but she had been wrong. He was here! Her knees turned to jelly, and she leaned against the house for support. The long, weary years were over.

Now—now was the time to look. She turned her head slowly, as the men entered the clearing. But—but—there was Jim Eckhart who had gone away with Jake, and Captain Williams, and—of course, Jake was in the wagon with Ed Parker. What a scare!

"Sister Lander—." She did not hear the words he said. Jim looked so old and travel weary, and there was the shadow of something else in his eyes, but she had no time to worry over that. Why didn't the wagon come?

Jim took her hand and started speaking. She heard only snatches. "Coming over the Divide—Indians—killed." He was putting a leather pouch in her hands.

"I beg your pardon. Did you say someone was killed?" She was holding the pouch indifferently.

The men exchanged glances. She saw that so clearly. She saw their faces darken, as the shadows wrenched the last ray of light from the yard. Someone was buried on a faraway mountain top, and she was holding this pouch. "Dust," Jim said, "gold dust, from the mines of California."

"Sister Lander, you sleep."

BECKY shook off the hands that would have guided her inside. It may have been days, or hours, or minutes later, when a woman's strong arms lifted her bodily and

placed her on the bed. She felt a cold cloth on her face. She felt a pull at the something in her hand, but her fingers would not unclasp. Later, she turned her head slowly. Gray dawn was pushing through the doorway, trying to reach the candle that sputtered weakly on the table.

She watched, fascinated, as the light filled the room. Queer, that there should be light again. The children were both sleeping in the trundle bed. Ingeborg was sitting at the table, and when she turned her eyes, Becky sat up. An aching awareness ran through her muscles, and from the deepest recesses of her soul came a gnawing emptiness that could never be filled. The long years would go on and on.

Becky dropped her feet over the bed, and one struck a burlap-covered package. She raised it to her lap and began unrolling it. When the boots were uncovered in her hands, she held them for long minutes.

"Take them, Ingeborg," she said suddenly. "They will be large, but they will take you into the Valley." When she looked again, Ingeborg's head was on her arms, and she was sobbing, quiet sobs, but terrifying in their poignancy. This could not be. Ingeborg was always so calm, so full of faith and patience. Becky touched her on the shoulder.

"Why are you crying? What has hurt you?"

The woman raised her face. It had turned old and defeated. She wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. She struggled hard with her English.

"All de time—I take." She fingered the leather of the boots. "Nefer do I gif. Always I am taking—always, always. I try keep my cry deep inside."

And she, Becky, had resented the Danish woman because of the help she had been given by her. She had resented Martha Baker, and Angie MacDonald, and Ed Parker. Did they, too, have a "cry" deep inside? Was it that which made Jennie Call so sharp-tongued? Why, the chain was endless.

From the corroding loneliness of the long years, from the depths dug by inadequacy and despair, from all the petty annoyances and hours of hunger, understanding came to Becky. In a movement such as this, all gave, and all received in one form or another; and because of the giving and the receiving, twenty thousand people were going to have their faith justified. They were going to have new homes, permanent homes.

"We are two of a kind, Ingeborg. With your wagon and my cow, we can make it into the Valley."

"But your gold—?"

"My—?" Slowly, slowly, Becky turned to the bed where lay the pouch of gold dust. She put out her hand, but drew it back sharply. She could not use it—the price of Jake's life.

"He sent it." Ingeborg was at her elbow. "He could not come, so he sent the gold. That is his share. You can buy a wagon, a team, warm clothes." She spoke in Danish, but Becky understood.

"Yes. Yes! I can get a team, if you will drive. I can get a yoke of oxen for your wagon, and Martha and her husband can drive them. We can all be in the Valley next summer, Ingeborg, if you will take care of the horses and drive."

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

HANDCART PIONEERS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the seventh in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

AMONG the stories which tell of the early settlement of Utah, and of the great heroism of the settlers themselves, perhaps the most dramatic, as well as the most pathetic, are those connected with the handcart pioneers—pioneers who were so-called because they crossed the plains with the aid of handcarts.

In all, there were ten companies of these pioneers, made up of 3,000 individuals, who came to Utah between the years 1856 and 1861; the first company arriving in Salt Lake Valley in September 1856, and the last one in September 1860. They came mostly from Europe—from the British Isles and Scandinavia. These daring and courageous pioneers landed at New York, or Boston, and proceeded, by rail, to Iowa City which was the western terminus of the Rock Island Railroad, and the outfitting point for the handcart companies. From there, they traveled across Iowa to the Missouri River, and on to Utah, following the old Mormon Trail.

This unique method of travel was adopted because it was inexpensive, and because it seemed to be the best means of bringing in the largest number of those who were desirous of emigrating. The rate of only $45 to come from Liverpool to Salt Lake City made it possible for many, who had been anxiously waiting and praying for an opportunity to gather to Zion with the saints, to come, who otherwise would not have been able to do so. At the same time, it brought the travelers to Utah in as little time as did ox teams. Almost anyone could walk as fast as a yoke of oxen could travel. The journey across the plains required from three to four months.

These handcart companies were made up of men, women, and children, the majority of whom walked the entire distance of 1300 miles, pulling and pushing their carts, which were loaded with their baggage and rations. Only a few wagons accompanied each group to help with the heaviest baggage and provisions, and to provide for hospital service. These noble and courageous converts waded through rivers and streams, trudged through deep sand and mud, tramped over rough and rocky roadways, and climbed hills and mountains.

Walking across the plains was not an entirely new undertaking at that time, however, as many of the covered-wagon pioneers before this had walked a good portion of the distance from the Missouri River, to relieve the tired, overworked teams; but pushing and pulling handcarts, in addition to merely walking, was real labor, which demanded both strength and courage.

The handcart companies were

carefully organized, and every effort was made to see that they were fairly well equipped. For example, the setup for one company of 500 individuals consisted of 120 carts, five wagons, twenty-five tents, twenty-four oxen, and forty-five head of beef cattle and cows. In some instances, however, in the hurry and bustle of preparations, the handcarts were not well enough constructed or were made of material not sufficiently seasoned and substantial, and therefore, much repair work was required on the way.

IN every case, handcart travel was hard and strenuous. It was especially so for the aged, and for those from the larger cities, who had worked all of their lives in shops, factories, and offices, and were thus poorly prepared for such an experience. It was also quite hazardous. These camps lacked the protection which the heavy covered wagons gave to other companies, and the people were more exposed to the elements, and to the Indians and wild animals, which were ever to be reckoned with. In one instance, the Indians ran off with the beef cattle, and, in another, a camp barely escaped being trampled underfoot by a frightened herd of buffalo on a stampede. Nevertheless, in spite of hardships and difficulties, these travelers, like those who came in covered wagons, often drew their carts together of an evening, and around the campfire sang songs, made speeches, and told stories.

In the main, handcart travel was quite successful. Eight of the companies which started out early in the summertime crossed successfully and arrived safely, often having fewer deaths than did the ox caravans; but there were two ill-fated companies—the Willie and Martin companies, which began the journey in mid and late July of 1856, too late in the season, and suffered severely before being rescued and helped into the Valley the following November.

These companies had been delayed, in the beginning, because the carts were not ready. Then, on the way, there had been additional delay because some of the carts did not hold up, making extensive repair work necessary. These delays brought about such a shortage of food that rationing had to be resorted to. Although each emigrant was allowed only seventeen pounds of luggage in the first place, it became necessary to lighten the loads, and clothing and bedding, so much needed later, had to be discarded. Added to all this, severe cold weather set in much earlier than usual. As a result, there was great suffering from both cold and hunger, and approximately 150 deaths occurred before the rescue parties from Utah reached them.

The faith, courage, endurance, and heroism demonstrated by the members of these unfortunate companies would be hard to equal, even on the battlefield, and it is most fitting that two monuments have been erected, in Wyoming, to their memory, by the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association. One is at Rock Creek, where seventeen persons passed away in a single night, and lie buried in one grave; and the other is on the highway, across the Sweetwater from Martin's Hollow, about two miles west of Devil's Gate.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ADVICE TO GIRLS: Young ladies, you must perceive now that you have superior advantages to improve your minds and advance in the scale of intelligence to those who have lived in generations before you. It is necessary that you should hasten to step forward and qualify yourselves for usefulness in life; housework to most girls comes first in every day experience; and every girl should strive to acquire a full knowledge of all the duties of the household; she should be taught how to work as she is taught how to read; there is art and skill in the proper use of the broom; activity and cleanliness both belong to its use; order and refinement are required in the chamber for the arrangement of the bed and furniture, but still more varied and numerous are the duties of the kitchen. . . . The necessity of industry, the obligation of each girl to work for her living, her happiness and her home, nothing is more valuable than to learn to work systematically and economically. —D. F. Cox

THE MORAL EFFECT OF HURRY: To the thoughtful, the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very saddening; to the physician their results are a matter of profound concern; their grave evils come under his daily observation.—London Lancet

FROM GRANTSVILLE, UTAH: The sisters of Grantsville are trying to obey the counsel of Brigham Young in regard to storing grain. They are also trying to retrench from everything that is likely to injure them. The Relief and Retrenchment Societies are doing well. The former has over two hundred bushels of wheat stored away. . . . In our sewing meetings we always introduce subjects of conversation pertaining to matters of interest to us as a body of people, and no gossip is ever allowed or introduced . . . . The dancing parties here are closed at ten o'clock in the evening . . . . Our city fathers are trying with all their might to keep liquor stores out of Grantsville . . . We are trying to do as much good as we can, not forgetting the Temple by any means. —M. A. House, Sec'y.

FROM SPRINGDALE, KANE COUNTY: The weather is warm and beautiful; the almond and apricot trees are all in bloom, and nature's aspects are pleasant and delightful. The people feel to praise God for His abundant mercies.—Mrs. S. K. Greene

A TRUE LADY: Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart and the purity and sweetness of her character . . . . She has a higher purpose in life than to flaunt her finery in the streets—Anon.

GEORGE ELIOT: George Eliot is at work again on a new novel. It is said she feels very much disappointed that *Middlemarch* is considered better than *Daniel Deronda*. She herself regards this novel as her masterpiece. She produced her first original work eighteen years ago, and the whole product of the sale of her books is estimated at $165,000.

OPINION: Dr. Holland thinks that the cure for gossip is culture. He says good-natured people talk about their neighbors only because they have nothing else to talk about.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DEATH has recently claimed three noble women: Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith, faithful wife and widow of former President Joseph F. Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Mrs. F. I. Jones, one of the courageous band of pioneer women who settled Bluff, Utah, and later, one of the first two women to begin the settlement of Monticello, Utah; Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, of California, who, after living a hard life for many years, won success by composing such favorite songs as "I Love You Truly" and "A Perfect Day."

MRS. WINIFRED KIMBALL HUDNUT, granddaughter of Heber C. Kimball of pioneer fame, and widow of the world-famous manufacturer of cosmetics and perfumes, Richard Hudnut, managed, through foresight, to save from the Nazis, in their subsequent occupation of her forty-four-room French chateau, a fabulous collection of antiques. There are historic Gobelin tapestries, rare furniture, priceless paintings, precious porcelains, exquisite shawls, and draperies. All these Mrs. Hudnut wishes to give to the State of Utah, if it will build an appropriate edifice to house them in Salt Lake City.

ALL but three Latin American countries named as their choice for the year's outstanding poet, Gabriela Mistral of Chile, a charming, high-souled woman, an educator, and a diplomat. The first Chilean woman to serve as a consul, she has, as such, represented her country in Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, and Petropolis, Brazil.

A stirring romance, which grew out of the war, is that of the former Suzanne Borel, recently first lady of France, and her husband, Georges Bidault. They met on the underground while he was chief of the national resistance movement. She, under his direction, was performing feats fraught with the utmost danger and requiring skill, finesse, and strategy. Later, when he was minister of foreign affairs in France, she became director of his personal cabinet. Madam Bidault, one of the notable interior decorators of France, is also an outstanding linguist, speaking, among many foreign tongues, Chinese and Russian.

WHEN our new National Congress met in Washington, the following women took their seats: Katherine St. George, New York; Margaret Chase Smith, Maine; Georgia Lusk, New Mexico; Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Frances Bolton, Ohio; Mary T. Norton, New Jersey; Helen Gahagen Douglas, California.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 MARCH 1947 NO. 3

Proper Conduct in Church Services

President Joseph Smith stated that the business of the conference had closed, and the remainder would be donated to instruction. It is an insult to a meeting for persons to leave just before its close. If they must go out, let them go half an hour before. No gentleman will go out of a meeting just at closing.

THE above quotation was taken from the *Documentary History of the Church*, and is part of the instructions given to members of the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the close of conference held in April 1843.

Those of us who attended both the Relief Society conference and Church conference held last October, observed the large numbers of people who, five to ten minutes before the close of the sessions, rose and left the meetings, creating a considerable disturbance and drawing attention to themselves and away from the speaker, or from the announcements being made from the stand.

It is, indeed, as the Prophet said, an insult to the meeting to leave before its close. There are occasionally justifiable reasons for leaving before the benediction has been pronounced on a Church service. Certainly, people should not deny themselves the opportunity of attending conference or Church because they must leave a little early to catch a train, or for some other reason just as valid. However, more often than not, people leave to avoid the rush which follows the closing of any gathering where large numbers of people are assembled.

One rarely sees anyone leave the theater or concert hall before the final curtain, or before the last note has been played. People usually stay, not only because of their interest, but also out of respect for those who are performing before them, as well as out of consideration for others in attendance who are interested in remaining until the end. Should we not, then, have even greater respect for those persons speaking at and conducting Church services in the name of the Lord?

Aside from the disrespect we show those who are presiding over any Church service, when we leave early, we are depriving ourselves of the blessings pronounced in the closing prayer. The closing prayer constitutes part of the service. The benedictions of conference are especially important to us as Church members. We should not forfeit our right to them for the sake of the few minutes gained by leaving before the benediction is pronounced.

Should we not, as Relief Society women, and mothers, set an example for our children, as well as other Church members, by remaining respectfully quiet through all Church services we attend, until their completion? G.R.G.

Luella N. Adams and Ann P. Nibley Released From the General Board of Relief Society

IT is with sincere regret that the General Board of Relief Society announces the resignations of Luella N. Adams and Ann P. Nibley in January 1947. Due to increased home responsibilities, these faithful sisters have found it necessary to be released from their work as Board members.

Sister Luella N. Adams has been a member of the Board since January 1940. She has served with the utmost devotion. Her many fine abilities and unusually good judgment, coupled with her long experience in Relief Society work, have made her assistance to the women of the Church a service of lasting value. Sister Adams is greatly loved by all the members of the Board and by Relief Society women everywhere. As a group of sisters, the Society wishes her happiness in all her future endeavors.

Sister Ann P. Nibley was called to the General Board in December 1941. Her charming personality and her sweet spirit have endeared her to the women of the Church. She has worked for perfection in all her assignments, and her meticulous regard for the details of Relief Society work has been of invaluable assistance to her associates and to the Society. Sister Nibley will always merit the love and appreciation of Relief Society women everywhere.

THIS IS SPRING

Evelyn Fjeldsted

A radiant sunset soon to be the dawn
That lights a waiting, crocus-sprinkled lawn;
Illusive, lilting winds and bending tree;
A blossom sheltering a night-chilled bee,
Robins drifting over furrowed land,
Tiny swirls of century-driven sand;
The living, throbbing warmth of noontide glow,
A budding plum tree drinking melting snow;
Sunlight, glinting through a breathless calm,
The blending of a secret, perfumed balm;
A stormy measure gone, and hope renewed,
The stillness of a starry interlude;
Each day's unceasing versatility,
The night's capricious, feigned uncertainty,
All the subtle sweetness earth can bring,
This is restoration—this is spring.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Time for Holding Optional Sewing Class

THE General Board recommends that, wherever possible, the optional sewing course be held in connection with the regular work meeting. Where it is not possible, however, to successfully work on the Welfare sewing and also conduct a sewing course during the work meeting, the sewing class may be held at the time most convenient for those who wish to participate in this course. These Relief Society sewing classes may be held once a week if the ward Relief Society presidency deems it advisable.

If the sewing class is held in connection with the regular work meeting, the Relief Society members attending the class should be given credit for being present at the work meeting. Non-members of Relief Society who attend the sewing class should be recorded as visitors. Inasmuch as the record of sewing activities was devised to reflect the sewing services rendered by Relief Society members to others, or for the benefit of the organization itself, articles made at the sewing class, and the number of hours required to make them should not be counted nor recorded in the record book, if these articles were made for the benefit of the individuals taking the sewing course. If the class is held at a time other than the regular work meeting, it should be regarded as a special Relief Society project, and an account of the activities, number of women participating, and any other interesting information connected with the conduct of this class should be recorded in the narrative report only. Such a class, held at a time other than during the regular work meeting, is not a part of the work meeting, nor is it a special meeting.

OFFICIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PINS FOR GIFTS

These beautiful pins are made of blue baked French hard enamel and 24 carat gold-plate. They are appropriate as mementos of appreciation for retiring officers, as birthday remembrances, and as emblems of recognition for long service in the Society. Price $1.20 postpaid. Send orders to General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Progressive Leadership in Music

Florence J. Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

PROGRESSIVE leadership is one of the basic needs of the hour in every department of life. Its importance is seen on every hand. Without its presence, eminent success is impossible. Every great achievement is predicated upon its guidance. This is verified in the lives and works of all great persons, and in all epochs of history. In its widest sense, good leadership implies all factors that tend toward maximum results in visioning, planning, promoting, unfolding, guiding, directing, and building.

The fact that leadership involves these several factors promptly suggests that to become efficient in its exercise one must necessarily become schooled and disciplined in many branches of study. Among these, the following should claim our immediate attention: personality, tact, organizing ability, humor, and musicianship.

Personality

It is generally conceded that congenial, friendly, sympathetic, and dynamic personality is fundamental to good leadership. Such a personality emanates from the heart, and is far more appealing and persuasive in its effect than much reasoning and cultivated veneer.

Tact

Tact is the door to success in any endeavor. It is that characteristic quality which unlocks biases and prejudices and misunderstandings. Through tactful approaches, individuals and groups are made to see newer and broader horizons and wider and higher perspectives. These urges are indispensable to wholesome and progressive results in leadership.

Organizing Ability

Proper and appropriate organization is fundamental to every enduring structure in society. Ability to effect it is, therefore, a gift to be cherished. In music leadership, this gift is of utmost importance.

Humor

Humor is a social lubricant. People of experience know that where reason fails, humor succeeds. Negative conditions are eliminated through its application. In music leadership, negative conditions frequently arise that can be corrected or adjusted only through the subtle power of humor. It is well to remember that humor laughs *with* people, and not *at* them.

Musicianship

By musicianship is meant a broad and thorough understanding of all necessary branches of music. A few of these are:

(a) Ability to read and interpret the ordinary page of music. This involves a knowledge of (1) rhythm; (2) keys (major and minor); (3) tempos (speed and rhythm); (4) dy-

namics (loudness or softness of volume); (5) clef signs; (6) notology (notes, rests, dots, etc.); (7) symbology (signs, repeat marks, sharps, flats, etc.); (8) terminology (terms relating to rhythm, tempo, dynamics, etc.).

The following books will prove invaluable in the study of the above elements of musicianship:

Elson: *Music Dictionary*, Ditson
R. S. Smith: *Elementary Music Theory*, Ditson
Gherkens: *Fundamentals of Music*, Ditson
Gherkens: *Terminology and Notation*, A. S. Barnes
Wedge: *Ear Training and Sight Singing*, G. Schirmer
Diller: *First Theory Book*, G. Schirmer

(9) Aural training (ear-training), learning how to hear and to perform what appears on the printed page of music; (10) technique of the baton and the routine of conducting, (definite baton patterns and a standard system of procedure in conducting).

For the study of conducting, use:

Gherkens: *Essentials in Conducting.*
Wodell: *Choral Conducting.*
Cornwall: *Conducting.*

(11) Proper discrimination in the choice of song material that is appropriate and suitable to the group; (12) the philosophy and psychology of interpretation (discovering and expressing the context of the word message and the content of the musical meaning).

For this study, use:

Lusey: *Expression in Singing*, Novello.
Britan: *The Philosophy of Music*, Longmans, Green.
M. G. Evans: *Primer Facts About Music*, Presser Co.

(13) The art and beauty of singing (the correct and normal method of singing, pure and prolonged voweling, distinct and quick consonants, resonant and rich tone quality).

The following books will be found helpful in this last named branch of study toward musicianship:

Green: *Psychology of Singing*, MacMillan & Company.
Witherspoon: *Singing*, G. Schirmer.
Fillebrown: *Resonance in Singing and Speaking*, Ditson.
Gould: *Successful Singing*, Axelrod Publications.

It should be evident, from the above discussions, that the spirit and power of leadership can be acquired through diligent, constant study, and through regular practice. It may begin from any level of present musical ability and attainment.

It is earnestly hoped that all stake and ward Relief Society officers interested in musical activities will be deeply concerned with the need and desirability of progressive leadership in their work, as briefly suggested and outlined in this article.

It would be to the advantage of all concerned to have within the Relief Society libraries, books from the above lists on the various branches of music, which can be used as needed by those who are directing the music activities of the organizations.

Herbs and Their Uses

Elizabeth Williamson

With Illustrations by the Author

"Rosemary, that's for remembrance."—Shakespeare

SINCE ancient times, herbs have been used extensively. The Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Chinese found their properties valuable. The Bible mentions fragrant oils of myrrh and frankincense, cinnamon, anise, and mint. Our pioneer ancestors used herbs for medicine, dyes, lotions, and culinary purposes.

If you have never grown herbs, you will find a fascinating new world open to you. Easy to grow, they require little care. They respond magnificently, if given good drainage and plenty of sunshine.

Below is a chart of the most common herbs and some of their uses:

Perennials	Use
Bergamot	Flavoring, oils for perfume, tonic
Camomile	Beverage, dye, bouquets
Chives	Salad, cheese, omelets
Balm	Cool beverage
Mint	Vinegar, sauces, drinks
Parsley	Salads, garnish, soups, meats
Sage	Stuffings, cheese, beverage, flavoring for sausage and other meat
Tarragon	Vinegar
Rosemary	Meats, herb vinegar, fragrance
Thyme	Soups, stews, stuffing (poultry)
Horseradish	Roots — used in relish and for salad, as an ingredient of mustard
Feverfew	Cut flowers, bouquets
Caraway	Seeds (dried) sauerkraut, baking, green leaves for salads

Annuals	Use
Savory	Stuffings, beans, to relieve insect bites
Dill	Pickles, butter sauce for fish
Borage	Salad, iced beverages (use flowers and all)
Marjoram	Meats, salads, stuffings
Cress	Salad
Mustard	Salad and greens
Red Pepper	For table decorations, pickling, and flavoring
Nasturtium	Leaves and buds for salads, seed pods for pickling
Basil	Tomato dishes, soups, meats
Lavender	Sachets, linens
Lemon Verbena	Sachets, also for iced drinks
Rose Geranium	Sachets, also used in jellies

Herbs make pretty borders along a path or roadway. Some of the sturdier perennials, such as sage, rosemary, winter and summer savory, can be kept trimmed back for small hedges. Parsley makes an attractive border herb. Many herbs grow well in rock gardens. Herbs are not difficult to grow—just give them good, light soil. Never use a fertilizer, because it destroys the oils in herbs. Plant herbs in a sheltered place, where they will get direct sunlight. They are ready to harvest when they begin to bloom. Tie them in small bunches and hang them upside down in a dry, airy place, away from the sun.

If you are interested, primarily, in the culinary uses of herbs, it is more convenient to have your herbs planted near your kitchen door in a compact and orderly arrangement. An old ladder may be used as a frame for a charming small herb garden.

For fragrance and flowering, use an old wagon wheel and plant a different herb between each pair of spokes. Our pioneer ancestors used this method. It is attractive and practical. The herbs are kept to themselves by the spoke divisions.

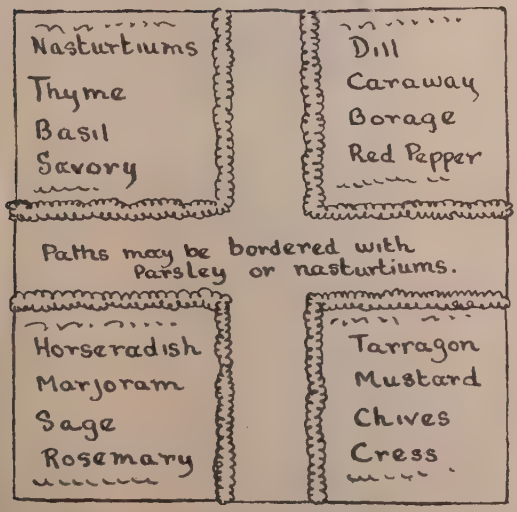
Herbs may be made into a formal garden, a rock garden, or used around bird baths, or as hedges and borders. The possibilities are unlimited. When once you come under the magic spell of herbs, you will have many ideas of your own.

Herbs make unusual and exciting gifts for Christmas or for birthdays. If you are invited to a wedding shower, give the bride a gift of herbs. It will be unusual and yet very useful and acceptable. Put the dried herbs in glass jars and label them attractively, or paste pictures of the herbs (obtained from seed catalogues) on the jars. The label might, also, suggest uses for the herbs or, perhaps, give two or three brief recipes.

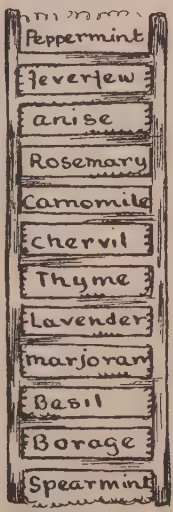
Another attractive way to make herb gifts is to sew little sacks of attractive print cloth and make a small patch of plain coloring on which to embroider the names of the herbs. The little sacks, filled with herbs, can then be placed in an attractive box, or hung on hooks on a little wooden rack or shelf. The rack, or shelf, may be gaily enameled or painted or covered with wallpaper.

When preparing herbs for gifts, both individual herbs and various combinations may be used. Two

Wagon Wheel herb garden



Culinary garden near kitchen



Ladder to separate Herbs

common mixtures of dried herbs are listed below:

1—Parsley
Chives
Basil
Marjoram

2—Parsley
Several green onions
Rosemary
Basil
A bay leaf
Thyme

If you wish to make sachets of sweet-smelling herbs, use scraps of rayon or lovely silk for making the bags, tie them with pastel ribbons, and decorate them with fancy bows or little rosettes in the form of flowers.

A bottle of herb vinegar for salads makes an attractive and unusual gift. To make this, place a handful of basil, mint, tarragon, or a combination of these or other favorite herbs, in a pint jar. Pour undiluted vinegar over the herbs to the top of the jar and seal it tightly. Place the jar in direct sunlight for two weeks and shake it once a day. Then, strain the vinegar, bottle it again, and make a colorful and attractive label for the jar.

You will find that herbs are a delight to grow, that they will add flavor to your cooking, and will enhance the interest and attractiveness of your gift giving.

THE AWAKENING

Ruth H. Chadwick

Springtime yawned and rubbed her sleep-filled eyes;
Stretched her toes into the warm, wet loam;
Awoke to gaze at kind, familiar skies;
Then smiled with joy to find herself "at home."

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 2

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

SYNOPSIS

A company of twenty-four young men, and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County, Utah.

The two families are to remain in San Juan, and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings.

The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large and isolated country. While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a strange, mysteriously inexplicable Indian.

LIKE the tick of a loud clock, Elizabeth's heart recorded the seconds. Silence was pitted against sound; reason against fear. This couldn't be too grave a danger, reason argued, or her brother George and Captain Smith would know of it. If she needed them, they would be close by. All she had to do was to turn her head toward the thing she feared and fear would be gone.

She forced her breath to an even pulse and tried to turn her head, but she could not move. A queer feeling of suspension was making her giddy. Fear became so overpowering that she knew she was going to scream—a long, thin scream that would throw the sleepy wagon train into a bedlam of excitement, for she was afraid of the silence.

But the pacing figure beside her said one quiet word, "Chiniaga," and it released her like a spring. "Potlatch," the voice repeated. "Gimme."

Elizabeth turned toward the voice, and she could breathe again. She knew the meaning of the quiet, Indian word. "Bread?" she repeated softly, and savored the familiar sound. "Give bread? Chiniaga?"

"Gimme," the voice repeated. "Me friend. All day much ride."

Elizabeth reached out her hand in the darkness, suddenly wanting to say that she was a friend, too. But she caught herself quickly. What had come over her? This huge figure in the dark had nearly frightened her to death, yet she wanted to see his face, to shake his hand. It was inexplicable. Yet, somehow, she knew that this was no ordinary Indian. When had an Indian been known to apologize for his begging? But, to say that he had been riding all day and was hungry, was certainly an apology. It put this huge shadow of a man in a special class for his race.

From the grub box under the seat where she kept biscuits and dried

Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

INDIANS OF THE CANYON COUNTRY

grapes for the children, Elizabeth extracted four biscuits. But she did not give them up immediately. Now that fear was gone, natural caution began to assert itself. She didn't want a horde of squaws and papooses coming down on their small company to beg. If she gave the impression that they were a poor company, perhaps he would go away and not trouble them again. She dropped two of the biscuits back into the box and held the other two out to the Indian. But, before he could take them, she drew her hand back, reached into the box, and brought out the other two again, together with a long bunch of shriveled, sweet grapes. She handed them to the Indian, and he was gone, as silently and mysteriously as he had appeared. Before she had time to wonder about the manner of his going, the slow, easy-going voice of her brother filled the pause.

"I'm right proud of my sister Elizabeth," George Hobbs said. "I wondered if you would scream."

"George!" Elizabeth cried, laughing shakily. "You're as bad as that Indian. You frightened me, too!"

"Not much, I hope. You seem to be almost sorry that the Indian is gone. He was unusual, wasn't he?"

"Why, how do you know? Did you hear him? Certainly you could not see him. I couldn't."

"It's my business to see and hear," George said. "It could have meant trouble, you know. I'm not too sure about it yet."

"Well, I am!" Elizabeth cried, raising her voice excitedly. "I'd stake anything that he is a good Indian. We'll see more of him. I just know that we will."

"Perhaps," George answered. "But, for the present, say nothing about him to anyone. I doubt if even the captain knows we've had a visitor."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that,

George," the captain said, from the other side of Elizabeth's wagon.

"Well!" Elizabeth laughed with relief. "If this isn't a game of get there first, I never saw one!"

"George would like to have such a slip on my part to crow about," Silas Smith chuckled. "I might have missed this one, if the Indian's horse hadn't stumbled."

"And you knew, from the sound, that the animal was going west, and not east," George said. "Scouting is an interesting profession."

Telling Elizabeth goodnight, the two men dropped back to the rear of the wagon train.

Elizabeth smiled happily. George had said he was proud of her! George didn't often compliment women, even his sisters. It was a night to remember. There would always be the feeling that someday she would see this very special Indian again. For all the rest of the journey she would scan the face of every Indian who came in sight, and maybe she would see him.

THE night hours wore slowly on. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Still there was no command to halt the company. But driving was easy, since team followed team in sleepy procession. Elizabeth wondered if Mary was asleep. What would Mary think if she knew that a big Indian had been riding along in the train with them, when they weren't even near Indian country? It was well that he knew to which woman to speak. With Mary not being well, it would have been bad if he had chosen the wrong wagon. Maybe he knew that Mary was in poor health.

And maybe he didn't, she scoffed to herself. What an imagination I'm developing! I'd better settle down and sleep, if I can.

But she couldn't. She sat erect and wide awake until Captain Smith called the company to halt for the night.

As soon as the word was given, the two women, Mary, sleepily obedient, and Elizabeth, keenly alert because of her imaginings, climbed

Photograph, Courtesy Charles Gibbons

NAVAJO HOGAN

out of their wagons to spread the men their beds for the night. A few blankets on the warm sand were enough, for the company would not rest long. As soon as it was light again, they would be on their way. The women prepared no food, and but little water was distributed to the camp, for there were still many miles between them and their next camp at Lee's Ferry, on the Colorado River. That camp could not be reached before the next night, and every drop of water must be hoarded.

"When we get to the Ferry," Mary murmured sleepily, "I'll feel like we are almost to San Juan. Will you, Elizabeth?"

She smoothed her blankets and turned them down at the top, then tucked them under tightly, all around, to keep out the scorpions and snakes.

Elizabeth answered, "It'll be a long way yet, Mary. I'm already so tired of the rocking wagon that I'd like to lie right here and sleep in the sand, scorpions and all!"

Mary shuddered. "I'd not sleep in such a place, not ever. I'd feel like there were snakes and bugs crawling all over me."

"There probably would be, too," Elizabeth answered. "But I don't mind bugs. If only the coyotes wouldn't howl, I'd be all right."

She did her bed-making in a much more casual manner than Mary. She figured that if centipedes and scorpions and snakes were going to get into people's beds, well, they just would, that was all, and there wasn't much you could do about it. Besides she didn't think they were as poisonous as people said they were.

Mary finished her beds and climbed up the wagon wheel, then paused before going into the wagon and to bed. "I sort of hate to cross the river, Elizabeth," she confessed, looking down at her friend. "I'm afraid of water."

"I'm not afraid of water, so I don't suppose I'll mind the crossing so much. It's the Indians that bother me," Elizabeth replied, brushing the sand from her skirts.

"I worry about Indians, too." Mary laughed. "That gives me one to go on. I always have one worry ahead of you. I say I'm afraid of something, and you say you're not, but that you are afraid of something else. And then I discover that I'm afraid of *that*, too! I can't ever come out even with you."

"We're both of us fraidy cats," Elizabeth said tenderly. "But you're less of a fraidy than I am."

Mary climbed on into her wagon and, calling a muffled goodnight from the folds of her voluminous nightgown, she was soon asleep.

My fears don't come out even, either, Elizabeth thought. And the worst one is that I know so little of what to do when a baby is born. Thank goodness we will soon be at our journey's end. Then Mary can rest and get ready for her ordeal. She will need all her strength then. And, surely, there will be other women at Montezuma. Where there is a fort, there are usually a few women, at least.

Elizabeth closed her eyes resolutely on the thought, but it was an hour before she finally fell asleep, curled up on her own hard bed in her wagon.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, thirsty and scorched with heat, they neared the Colorado.

Henry came to sit beside Elizabeth in her wagon. He said: "I hope Moenkopi is a good town, Elizabeth. Captain Smith says we will stay there for a week to rest our stock and mend our wagons. After that, there will be bad roads and—well, everything."

HE flicked his buckskin whip at the desert sage as they passed, then let the thong trail in the wheel track, as he sat thinking.

"You're not good at evading, Henry," Elizabeth asserted. "*Everything* means Indians, I suppose?"

"Nonsense, my dear. The Indians have been friendly enough. They have given us no trouble, so far."

"But this is our side of the river. The other side is theirs, remember. And, once we cross the Colorado, it will be different."

"You mean they think the other side is theirs. We aim to teach them better."

"And that's exactly why they will fight us," Elizabeth declared.

"You're right, I suppose," Henry agreed. "We have got to make the Indians see that we bring to them more than we take away."

"Well, I hope it is that easy!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "But the fact that we haven't been bothered thus far, doesn't mean much."

She was thinking of the night visit one Indian had paid her. What would Henry think if he knew about that?

"That looks like the break where the river runs," Henry cried, leaning forward. "And it is! We are heading downward."

He leaped to the ground and ran to his own wagon, shouting, "Keep close, Elizabeth, you and Mary. Your wagons will be loaded first!"

The teams and stock, smelling the water, though it was yet a mile or more away, quickened their feet, straining against the neck yokes in their eagerness to reach it.

"Isn't it exciting!" Mary called, as the train pulled up at the river's edge, not far from the ferryboat landing.

"It certainly is!" Elizabeth called back, gazing at the long lane of clay-colored water. Both women scrambled to the ground, almost falling from the top of their wagon wheels, in their eagerness.

"I hope you don't get seasick when we cross, Mary." Elizabeth lifted her youngest child to the ground and reached for the next one.

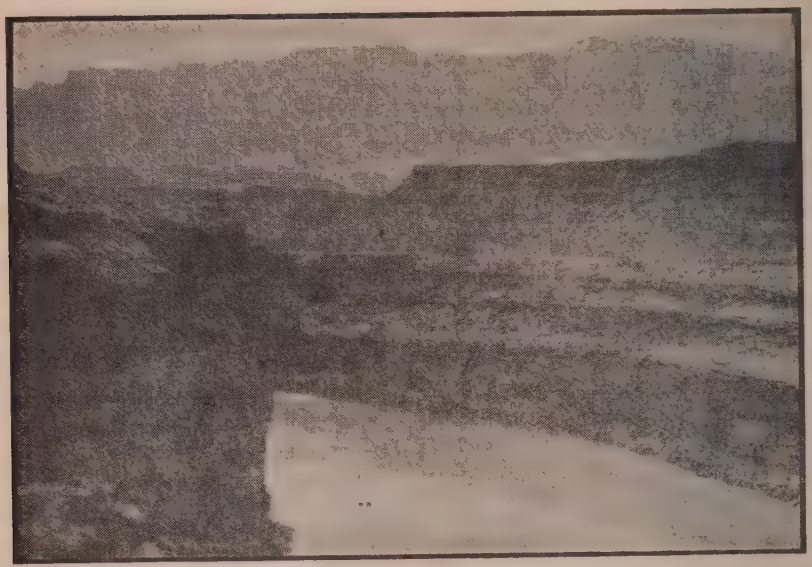
"I'll be too excited to even think of myself," Mary answered. "And look at those handsome boatmen!"

The Lee boys, John and Walter, stood close to their boat, watching the small company as it wrangled into position for the loading of the ferry. Neither had spoken, except to give a short greeting, but there was an all-encompassing expression in their eyes.

"I'll bet they know all about us," Elizabeth predicted.

"Well, that wouldn't be much," Mary laughed. "We look pretty seedy right now!"

Under the direction of the boatmen, the wagons were loaded and the Lee brothers prepared to shove the boat out into the stream. It was near sundown. John took the wheel and Walter the steering spike. The cable swayed, tightened with a jerk, and the boat began to move steadily toward the other shore, propelled by the great paddles of the



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

THE GREAT CHASM AT LEE'S FERRY

wheels that churned on either side of the big, flat ferry.

Mary and Elizabeth, sitting rigidly on the high spring seats atop their wagons, smiled at each other.

"We even have to ride when we float," Elizabeth jested.

"And drive, too," Mary added. "It's less jolty, however."

To Elizabeth, the crossing was a bit disappointing. "What a dreary looking river," she said to her husband, who stood close to his own outfit, next to hers and Mary's. "I'll bet the Indian trouble we've been promised won't amount to a bit more than the crossing of this river does."

"The Colorado sure looks peaceful," Henry agreed. "Except right here next to us!" He pointed to a fifty-foot tree that had just emerged from the gray water, not more than ten feet from the boat.

"Henry!" Elizabeth clutched the sides of the spring seat and clung on frantically, expecting to be catapulted from the ferry, wagon and all. But when nothing happened, she stammered, "How—how did that tree get there, Henry?"

"It passed, calm and peaceful like, right under our feet," Henry replied.

ELIZABETH'S teeth began to chatter. She looked at Mary, but Mary's head was turned toward her children in the back of the wagon. She had seen nothing of the big tree's passing.

Henry waited for Elizabeth to look his way again, and, as she did, he smiled reassuringly. "You see, Bethy," he said, using his rare nickname of endearment, "you can't tell much of what is underneath a smooth surface."

Elizabeth straightened her bonnet

with a jerk, then, because she couldn't breathe from its starched depth, she pushed it back from her head. "The sooner I get off this boat," she declared, "the better I will like it." Then she added, indignantly, "Give me a Redskin any day!"

"That's the old spunk," Henry approved. "The Redskins had better look out!"

They laughed a little, and then fell silent. The ferry scraped bottom, hit the bank with a shiver, and was knocked back out into the river. Suppressing a scream, Elizabeth clung on while the ferrymen nosed the unwieldly boat back to the bank again. A gangplank of loose boards was laid, and she climbed out of the wagon and tottered up it to the beach.

"Never did soil feel so good!" she exclaimed. "I'll never take my children on a thing like that again, Henry Harriman! That tree could have crushed us to pieces!"

"A miss is as good as a mile," James Davis laughed, hopping up the gangplank, holding Mary's hand in mock fear of falling.

Elizabeth looked at him angrily. "You would joke at your own funeral, James L. Davis," she cried. "No wonder they call you London Jimmy!"

"I don't see what that has to do with his joking," Mary retorted, coming to her husband's rescue. "They call James that because there is another James Davis living in our town. It's distinguishing."

"If not distinguished," James chuckled, irrepressibly.

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself. "What jumpy people we are

Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

NAVAJO MOUNTAIN, GUARDIAN OF THE DESERT

getting to be. A right good Indian scare would be good for all of us."

Mary said, "A miss may be as good as a mile, but I'll take the mile, if it leads me away from this river. I think from what your husband has just told me, Elizabeth, that you have plenty of reason for being nervous. I almost wish I'd seen that big tree. It would have made the river seem almost human. To think that it can pick up a tree that's a thousand years old, and carry it along like that!"

Walter Lee, who had been standing close to the ferry, waiting for the load to be taken off, turned to Mary, approvingly. "You are exactly right, Mrs. Davis. This old river is human in more ways than one. It is cantankerous, humorous, vindictive, destructive, and greedy, all by turns. And in between times it's as kind as a grandmother. Humans aren't so different."

He gave the boat a shove with his spiked pole, and it rocked along the cable into the middle of the river.

Mary and Elizabeth looked at each other, then after the ferryboat, with its two darkly handsome figures, and neither could express the mixture of her feelings.

The drovers had already started to swim the stock across the river. Their bawling and shouting raised such a din that the sounds struck the cliffs and were multiplied in metallic echoes. It was nearly morning before the last, straggling animal clawed its hoofs into the slippery bank and heaved itself out of the river onto the dry, warm sand.

And then the camp was quiet . . . .

THERE followed days of uneventful travel through a country of such color and grandeur that they were awed with wonder of it. Monuments as old as the ages, as scarred and beaten as time, rose from the desert on every side, and stretched away into the far, multi-colored distance. Lakes burned like craters in the sunset. Forests as old as the monuments dwarfed time into eternity, yet stood unmoved, unbent by the wind and rain and sun, marred only by the hand of man as he hewed and chopped his way into it and out again, toward a precarious destination.

On the fifth night out from the Colorado, they made camp without water. At five in the morning they were moving again, and by noon had reached such rough terrain that the going was nearly impossible. It took all their skill to keep their wagons weaving around boulders, petrified tree boles, and out of the maze of canyons and ledges that confronted them. There were no roads to follow, and often only the trails of wild animals marked the terrain. Sand was giving way to shale and clay, and the grade was steep.

"Lee's Hogback!" someone cried, pointing ahead to a steep incline that bristled with jutting layers of sharp shale rock.

"And the hog ain't been fed since the year one," another shouted.

"It looks more like a snorting, thousand-horned mammoth than a hog," Mary cried. "No hog could look as mean as that!"

Elizabeth pulled her team sharply to one side, looking back at Mary.

"Hold on there, Elizabeth," George Hobbs shouted. "You'll tip over! Keep going straight ahead."

"Over *that?*" Elizabeth questioned, incredibly.

"Certainly. It's the only break in this whole mesa!" George answered.

"It's like fighting a huge porcupine with bare hands." Elizabeth spoke grimly, and held her team to the tracks of the wagon ahead.

For a few minutes after the climb started, there were laughter, cheers of approval, and jesting predictions of disaster from the men. But, as the road became steeper and narrower, they settled to the serious business of getting over the hump without mishap.

The wagons crawled upward. The ridge suddenly dropped away on both sides of the narrow spine, leaving only a fraction of earth beneath the sliding wheels.

Suddenly a wagon, with its teams and drivers, careened from the ridge, wheels skyward. It balanced, lunged over again, twisting its tongue out, then struck a cedar tree with such force that both were splintered to kindlings. The two drivers and their goods went rolling down the ledge.

Clawing at the steep sides of the ridge, neighing with fear, the teams clung on, hopelessly entangled in their harnesses and chains.

(To be continued)

THE MOUNTAIN

Jeanne Tenney

There it stands
In the distance,
Blue and still,
Rearing its great hulk
Above a ring of clouds
At its base.
Majestic, it stands
Through the ages,
And upon it the rains fall,
And the winds blow,
The clouds are swept
Over its uncomplaining grandeur;
Impervious to all
But the ages,
Which slowly, imperceptibly
Wear it away.

Wild creatures
Roam over its great sides,
Seeking their livelihood,
Well furnished by their host;
While man digs roads
Along its valleys and hills,
Chops down its trees,
Dams up its rivers,
While seeking his livelihood, also.

There it stands,
Beautiful in the distance,
Everlasting,
Lonely.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of materials for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), BOULDER CITY WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 1946

The officers of the Boulder City Relief Society are shown with the beautiful cake which was a feature of the celebration.

Left to right: Secretary Nora Jolley; First Counselor Ruby Hill; President Olive G. Reid; Second Counselor Katherine Manning.

During 1945, this Relief Society organization accomplished an outstanding service in their Red Cross work, and achieved the highest record for Moapa Stake.

Photograph submitted by Olive G. Reid

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SANTA MONICA WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 15, 1946

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Kathleen Savage; Second Counselor Myrtle Hunt; President Supara Thaxton; First Counselor Iola McBeth; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Flora Turnquist.

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SANTA MONICA WARD PAGEANT "THIS IS AMERICA," MARCH 15, 1946

Left to right: Clara Humphrey, reader; Carol Goodwin, representing Japan; Edith Jex as Russia; Louise Lauenstine as Germany; Maude Whitehead as Ireland; Kathleen Savage as England; LaRue Gill as Spain; Lillian Brimley as Holland; Velma Barlow as China; Eda Rose as the Goddess of Liberty, representing America.

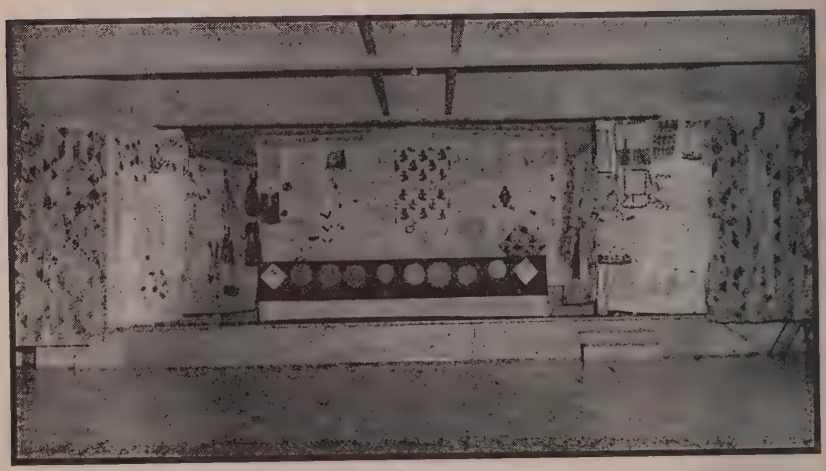
LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN TWELFTH WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 21, 1946

Front row, left to right: Lila Clegg; Elenora Anderson; Gertrude Tarbet, member stake Relief Society board; Selma Jeppeson, First Counselor, Logan Twelfth Ward Relief Society; Thelma Clegg, President; Ida Leskow, Secretary-Treasurer; Edith Owen.

Second row, left to right: Emma Smith; Rosella Shiffman; Mary Larsen; Helen Edwards; Margaret Wickam; Lily Beveridge; Alice Gwilliams.

Third row, left to right: Lyda Baur; Stella Alder.

Ruby Merrill, the second counselor, was not present when this picture was taken.



PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), EUGENE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Secretary-Treasurer Vivian Cowley, Eugene Ward, reports that this display, in charge of Second Counselor Leona Leavitt, was unusually varied and beautiful, containing both large and small items of excellent workmanship. Sister Dorothy A. Peterson is president of the Portland Stake Relief Society.

SUGAR HOUSE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), HAWTHORNE WARD SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Sarah J. Brown; Ellen C. Fredricksen; Mary S. Cannon. Back row, left to right: Pearl E. J. Lambert; Thelma B. Dansie; Amy T. McIntyre; Irva S. Dudley. Not shown in the photograph is the second president, Clarissa U. Miller, who passed away last fall.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, SOUTH INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF NEW RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS
November 12, 1946

Anna E. Hill, President, South Indianapolis Branch Relief Society, in submitting the above photograph, reports that the dinner was given at the completion of the membership drive. Other guests of honor, in addition to the new members, were the Central Indiana District Relief Society officers: President Ellen Clayton; First Counselor Minnie Farley; and Second Counselor Mamie Fleming. Sister Elna P. Haymond is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

SWISS MISSION, BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS IN A DANCE AT BAZAAR

Many young sisters participate in Relief Society activities in the Swiss Mission. All four of the women in this photograph are members of Relief Society.

SWISS MISSION, BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS DISPLAYING ARTICLES FOR THEIR BAZAAR

Left to right: Counselor Eva Arm; President Emma Blaser; Nida A. Taggart, President, Swiss Mission Relief Society; Counselor Krezcentia Dorer, Basel Branch. Sister Taggart reports that nearly all of the articles offered for sale in the bazaars

of the branches in the Swiss Mission were either made or grown by the sisters themselves. Some very beautiful handwork was displayed for sale. The Swiss sisters devote all their summer work meetings to preparations for their bazaars, and in making and repairing clothing for the needy. Their spirit of co-operation is wonderful, and in all cases the branches have given exceptional support to the bazaars.

SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GLENDALE WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, NOVEMBER 15, 1946

The photographs, submitted by Sister H. A. Webber, show three booths of the lovely and extensive displays at this bazaar: the handwork, flowers, dresses, and canned food departments; the quilts, aprons, and infants' wear departments, and several tables showing the miscellaneous gifts and household items displayed for sale.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA STAKE, TUCSON WARD BAZAAR, November 22, 1946

Top picture, left to right: Zina Skaggs, Second Counselor; Lola Killpack, President; Cyril B. Nolen, member, at table in front of bazaar display. In lower picture, left to right: Emma Rogers, sewing class leader and Dorotha Rogers, visiting teachers class leader, at handwork display table.

Gladys E. Huish, President, Southern Arizona Stake Relief Society, reports that a feature of the evening program in the Tucson Ward was an "all request" entertainment, which included numbers from past programs which had been particularly enjoyed by the members. All six of the booths were attractively decorated and well supervised. The homemade candies and cakes proved to be popular, and the art displays received much favorable comment. Quilts, pillowcases, tea towels, luncheon sets, chair sets, doilies, aprons, boys' shirts, laundry bags, bean bags, and stuffed animals met with favor as Christmas gifts. It was pleasing to observe the spirit of co-operation and sisterhood demonstrated in the preparation of this bazaar, which was in charge of President Lola Killpack, First Counselor Avez Goodman, and Second Counselor Zina Skaggs, Secretary Anona Haymore, and work director Viva Van Wyke.

BENSON STAKE (UTAH), TRENTON WARD
FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Former presidents, left to right: Lola Littledyke; Pearl Brown; Lydia Andrew; Elsie Eppich; Mabel Mortenson, the present president.

These women represent thirty-nine years of Relief Society work.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, PACIFIC GROVE BRANCH BAZAAR
November 21, 1946

Officers of the Pacific Grove Branch are shown standing in front of some of the exhibits of their varied and beautiful bazaar. Left to right: President Laura Knight; First Counselor Phyllis Boyns; Second Counselor Nora Decker; Secretary Edith Hasty.

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, VAUGHN BRANCH (MONTANA) MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS BANQUET, JUNE 11, 1946

This photograph was taken on the steps of the Vaughn Branch chapel. The officers of the Vaughn Branch Relief Society are, left to right: Front row, standing, second from the left, Nilda Gray, Second Counselor; third from left, Mary L. Christensen, First Counselor; fourth from left, Rachel Robison, President.

The Branch has since been reorganized, with the same president and first counselor, and Mable Erickson as second counselor. Sister Erickson stands at the right in the back row.

LOST RIVER STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED AT SEWING EXHIBIT

Left to right: Alta Hansen, chorister; Elva Beal, organist; Evelyn Pearson, Magazine representative; Emily Muffitt, Second Counselor; Laura L. Christensen, President;

Maude Babcock, First Counselor; Luella Halverson, Secretary-Treasurer; Marion Yorgensen and Vida Waddoups, board members.

Sister Christensen reports that in June 1946, the Lost River Stake Relief Society Board started a class of instruction in better homemaking. Each month the interested members of the stake have been taught plain and fancy sewing, different kinds of darning, mending, rug weaving, braiding, crocheting, tatting, knitting, and quilting. Their plans for the winter months include the teaching of tailoring and the fitting of coats and dresses.

Also, a demonstration in breadmaking has been given, as well as a demonstration in the preparation of school lunches. On August 20, 1946, the Singing Mothers gave a concert in Arco, under the direction of Sister Alta Hansen, accompanied by Sister Elva Beal. At this time, a flower show was exhibited and beautiful needlework and quilts displayed. The Welfare work was also exhibited. The Society made a fruit cake and sent it to the Relief Society sisters in Oslo, Norway.

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO NINTH WARD HISTORICAL PAGEANT
Presented at the Annual Ward Conference, November 1946

The nine women in the front row represent the nine General Presidents of Relief Society. Left to right: Edith Cottam as Belle S. Spafford; Abbie Dutson as Amy Brown Lyman; Pauline Clark as Louise Y. Robison; Emma Cluff as Clarissa S. Williams; Matilda Rasmussen as Emmeline B. Wells; Esther Long as Bathsheba W. Smith; Forthilda Funk as Zina D. Young; Ivie Richardson as Eliza R. Snow; Grace McConkie as Emma Hale Smith.

Ward and stake officers in the back row are, left to right: Merintha Pendleton, Secretary; Zola Peterson, First Counselor; McNone N. Perry, President; Myrtle Dean, Second Counselor; Inez B. Allred, Stake Relief Society President; Arta Ballif, reader; Hazel Watkins, pageant director.

The entire program was built around the history and progress of Relief Society under each president, stressing the fact that the Society was organized by a Prophet of God. The Singing Mothers furnished the music, and a ladies' double trio, taken from the same group, sang two special numbers. Sister Ada Wiseman is the music director and is doing a splendid service. Special guests for the occasion were Sister Achsa E. Paxman of the General Board of Relief Society and a former stake president; Inez B. Allred, President, Provo Stake Relief Society; and Edith Y. Booth, a former stake president. Each of these guests spoke briefly on the purposes and accomplishments of Relief Society.

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR SISTER RUIA BUSHMAN ON HER 80th BIRTHDAY
October 21, 1946

First row, seated, left to right: Inez B. Allred, President Provo Stake Relief Society; Melba S. Bushnell, First Counselor, Fifth Ward Relief Society; Sarah J. Lewis, President Fifth Ward Relief Society; Lorinda C. Phillips, Second Counselor, Fifth Ward Relief Society; Anna B. Hart, member, Relief Society General Board. The honored guest, Sister Ruia Bushman, sits in the center, second row, and to her left is Ursula Gee, honored at the Ward's first party for an elderly member. Others in the photograph are members of the Society. This party was held at the home of President Sarah J. Lewis, with her two counselors assisting.

HIGHLAND STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH)
HIGHLAND PARK WARD "RAG BEE"

The Highland Park Ward, under the direction of President Octavo H. Weiler, m

Tuesday, July 9th, 1945, on the cool and inviting lawn of Sister Florence Fairbanks, where they enjoyed an old-fashioned "Rag Bee." Thirty women attended. They spent the afternoon cutting and sewing rags and winding balls. A pioneer lunch was prepared and served by Florence Fairbanks and Carrie Beardshall. Five unique prizes in the shape of doll-size sunbonnets were awarded to the women making the most rag balls. The interesting pioneer program was concluded with the singing of "Come, Come Ye Saints," which was accompanied on the harmonica by the seventy-five year old mother of Sister Unetta Rhodes. Ten beautiful rugs were later woven by members of this group.

Photograph submitted by Viola Onyon, Secretary-Treasurer, Highland Park Ward Relief Society

PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION, ALEPPO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

First row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Mary Bezdjian; President Mary Hindoian; Second Counselor Khatoun Bezdjian.

Second row, standing, left to right: Eliza K. Ourzonian; Muritza Berberian; Ossana Hindoian; Vartuhi Berberian.

Third row, standing, left to right: Mabel Hindoian; Vertuhi Hindian; Mary Ourzonian; Melva Hindoian; Adeline Ourzonian.

President Mary Hindoian reports as follows on conditions in her branch: "Today we are coming to give our thanks and love to you and to your good assistants. Each month we are receiving the lovely *Relief Society Magazine*, and we are enjoying the lessons and the good writers and the reports from everywhere in the Church. We are learning great lessons and experiences from the lives of our sisters. We are reading in the *Church News* what a great work has been done by the Relief Society in the Welfare Program. We send our best wishes and greetings to you and to all the sisters. May the Lord bless you and the great work which is laid upon your shoulders."

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, JACKSON (MISSISSIPPI) OBSERVANCE OF RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY, 1946

Left to right: Grace B. Reed, Second Counselor, District Relief Society Board; Pearl M. Thomas, Supervisor; Otilla Griner, First Counselor; Effie Meeks, President, Southern States Mission Relief Societies; Heber Meeks, President, Southern States Mission.

The chapel was filled with guests. After the presentation of an interesting and instructive program, a three-tiered birthday cake was served with a fruit juice drink. The lovely shell place cards used for the occasion were made by Mrs. Donald Reed, former president, Sylacauga Branch Relief Society, Alabama.

WEISER STAKE, NYSSA WARD (OREGON)
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS PARTY, JUNE 4, 1946

RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO), RIGBY FOURTH WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, SEPTEMBER 28, 1945

Left to right: Leah Chapman, Second Counselor; Theo Deveraux, First Counselor; Anna L. Brady, President; Stella Livingston, Secretary.

In describing this very successful bazaar, President Anna L. Brady, reports: "We cleared $157, and still have many pretty and useful articles left. A great number of our Relief Society members have worked in the fields nearly all summer because of the labor shortage, so I feel they did an exceptionally good job in putting on the bazaar, too."

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished by the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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Building for Eternity

(Continued from page 152)

things, in everyday living, our parents built the man and the woman.

May we, this day, take time to evaluate the homes which we are now in the process of building. Far too soon our children leave these homes of ours and gone forever is the blessed opportunity of obeying the commandment of the Lord when he said "to teach our children to walk uprightly before the Lord" (Doc. & Cov. 68:28). May we, as wives and mothers in the Church, so build, that no matter what storms may hereafter buffet and beat at the walls and doors of our homes, they will stand firm and true, sheltering the family within throughout the eternities, is my prayer; and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

MARCH WIND

Maude Blixt Trone

March wind is a silver stallion
Whose field is in the sky.
I, who was earth-bound when he came,
Have straddled his back, clutched his mane,
And, shouting for joy, have dropped his rein—
Together, we charge the sky!

PATTERNED BY THE FURROW

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Here lies my heart, as storm-swept as a furrow
Emerging from its baptism of snow,
Cleansed of all evil by the icy harrow,
Whose brittle teeth prepare for wheat to grow.
Though furrows never know the heart's numb aching,
However deep the drift or sharp the wind,
Nor sense the joy of herds released for flocking
Back to the hills where feed is spread unbinned;
Yet, there is hope in furrows warm and teeming
With life upreaching for the ungrown sheaf,
As there is faith, wherever ewes are lambing,
And promises in petal, blade, and leaf.
So, let my heart be patterned by the furrow,
Cleansed by world storm, expectant for tomorrow.

The Value of Relief Society Membership

(Continued from page 154)

We are aware of problems facing a mother with young children (I have three of my own under nine years of age, so I feel that I speak with some degree of first-hand knowledge about the matter) and say to them, become an enrolled member and, even though you may not be able to attend all the meetings, come when you can, and participate in the part of the program you feel will be most beneficial to you. We know that you will be well repaid.

This morning, as I listened to Sister Spafford report the past year's work in the officers' meeting, a feeling of pride welled up within me, as I listened to the accomplishments of Relief Society. The information was not new to me, as I practically memorized the annual report when preparing for fall conventions, but that proud feeling comes to me every time I realize that I am one of that great group of women whose united efforts bring forth such wonderful and worthwhile results.

I desire to thank the Lord for my membership in Relief Society, and I bear testimony that it has been a great and good influence upon my life.

May the Lord, in his wisdom, goodness, and mercy, bless us all as mothers and women of his Church, and I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Note: Three of the conference addresses were published in the December 1946, Magazine, and several others appeared in January 1947. The two remaining addresses will be published later in 1947.

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GRANDMOTHER

Eliza Carpenter

You teach me to be glad I live
In spite of tears and pain,
And show that eyes which wept with grief
Can smile with joy again;
That youth, as like a flower bud
Unfolding to the sun,
Grows sweeter, still, with fragrance
As the rose, when day is done.

WHO MAKES A GARDEN

Della Adams Leitner

Who makes a garden knows another world
Than he who lives in hurried, clamorous ways;
The joy of finding tender buds unfurled
Eases the tasks and strain of hardest days.

For flowers have a secret all their own
To speak to those who love them, and to tell
God's way is good; in seed, his plan is shown,
And, following it, they find that all is well.

"Charity Never Faileth"

SINCE my husband's return from the hospital, I, who am past seventy-four, have had the entire care of looking after and doing everything for him. I have been, and still am, very busy, but have had wonderful help and assistance from the members of the little branch of Relief Society. Your sisters in the Society here are truly doing, or trying to do, their duty. As members of the Society, they have been most kind, although the headquarters are, and most members live, more than twenty miles from us, still they have visited us often. Sister Lucy Critchlow, president of the branch, and her daughters and daughter-in-law come often to clean up the house, and have been doing the washing and ironing all through our trouble. All members have been very kind in keeping us well supplied with eggs, milk, and butter. Although they are few in number, I wish to say the Relief Society of the Renfrew Branch is most surely trying to do good.

G. W. S.
West Sunbury, Pa.

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A Page from the Past

On April 3rd, 1860, two American boys—one at St. Joseph, Mo., the other at Sacramento, Cal., leaped on their horses and sped West and East with their bags of precious mail. Eighty daring boys and about 400 ponies took part in this colorful event, the inauguration of the Pony Express. Letters wrapped in oiled skin were carried by the rider, who was expected to cover about one hundred miles in a day. Their slogan was, "The Mail's got to go through!" and put it through they did, day and night, sun or storm, Indians or no Indians.—An interesting chapter in the history of the West.

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